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## "THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



"One does not come to Arcadia to stay in the house and read novels."

### CHAPTER XV.

"Love to the mountains led his sheep,  
Once on a summer day,  
Into a valley green and deep,  
Under rock-ramparts gray;

"Sat on a stone where the waters run  
Rippling the hours away,  
Touched his lute in the light of the sun—  
That was a summer day."

WE return to the hotel through the soft, starlit dusk, and find that the company has changed during our absence. Several new-comers have arrived, Mr. Charlton has taken his departure.

"He has an attraction at Cæsar's Head," observes Mr. Brandon, when Mrs. Cardigan remarks this fact. "Miss Tyrrell is there—you know her, Markham. She is an uncommonly nice girl."

"Who is she?" asks Mrs. Cardigan, with the interest that some women are quick to feel in any other woman who is reputed attractive.

While this question is answered, and

Eric is sounding the praises of Miss Tyrrell and her family, the supper-bell rings, and we go in with appetites sharpened by the fresh mountain-air.

After supper the piazza is not less attractive than by day, and, with shawls wrapped around us, we adjourn thither. The stars are brilliant, and against the steel-blue sky the dark crest of Rich Mountain is distinctly outlined.

"Don't you wish we were there *now*?" asks Sylvia, wistfully. "How silent and awesome it must be!"

"Some of us don't fancy awesome things," says Charley, who is seated on the steps smoking. "I prefer my present quarters very much."

"You have no poetry in your soul," says the young lady. "Mr. Lanier, now—I am sure *he* would like to be there."

She glances round as she speaks, but there is no Mr. Lanier to answer the jesting words. His place is vacant, so likewise is that of Mrs. Cardigan. At the far end of the piazza two dark figures in close proximity are dimly visible—star-gazing, no doubt. Eric laughs.

"Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!"

he says to Sylvia. "There seem suspicious signs of treachery and desertion in the camp."

"Two things which one should never condescend to notice," she answers, indifferently.

Notwithstanding this sentiment she expresses herself with less reserve on the subject when we are alone for the night.

"Have you ever seen anything to equal the manner in which Mrs. Cardigan is trying to flirt with Ralph Lanier?" she asks.

"She has given up Eric as a hopeless subject, and turned her batteries on the other."

"It is certainly a bold invasion of the rights of property," I say, "considering what an admirer of yours he has been for some time. No woman with self-respect would act in such a manner—but Mrs. Cardigan has little of that quality. Nevertheless, you have yourself, not her attractions, to blame for Mr. Lanier's desertion."

"Perhaps I have," she says, carelessly. "I know that I could bring him back by a word—but I don't think I shall speak the word. I have lost any faint liking I may ever have had for him, and as for making a cold-blooded marriage of convenience—I could not do that if my life depended on it."

"Take care!" I say, warningly. "I grant that Mr. Lanier does not appear to great advantage on a tour of this description—he is, in fact, altogether out of his element. But you don't expect to spend your life in Arcadia, and when you go back to the world, where fine dresses, fine jewels, fine equipages, will assume again their place of first importance, you may be sorry for having discarded a man who represents all these things."

"What a feminine Mephistopheles you are!" she says. Then she throws back the cloud of dark hair which she is combing, and looks at me with her shining eyes. "Perhaps it is a good thing to wander in Arcadia for a little while and realize that life may be happy, and healthy, and free, without any of those things," she says. "It is something I have needed to learn."

"Which means, I suppose, that you are going to marry Charley, and try living in Arcadia for good. You are a simpleton—but never mind! Stop talking, and go to bed."

"You are mistaken," she says, with dignity. "Because I don't choose to marry one man is no reason for supposing I mean to marry another."

"You are an arrant flirt, and a shameful impostor!" I say; and then I go to bed myself.

The next morning at breakfast we find that there are grave signs of desertion of another kind. The gentlemen in a body are missing—having taken an early depart-

ure for a deer-hunt. Sylvia is much injured and incensed by this proceeding.

"I should not mind it so much if they had not known that I wanted to go!" she says. "It is mean and shameful of them to act in so—so underhand a manner! They must have *stolen* away; they could not even have sounded a horn, or it would have waked me."

"You are mistaken about that," says one of the ladies. "There was a great deal of noise, blowing of horns and barking of dogs. You must have slept soundly not to have heard it."

"How can anybody help sleeping soundly in this climate?" asks Sylvia, aggrieved.

It is the middle of the day before the hunters return, empty-handed—having failed altogether to start a deer, which fact is full of balm to Sylvia's feelings. She is standing on the piazza with a novel (to which she has been forced to betake herself) in her hand, when they ride up, and she proceeds at once to empty the vials of her indignation upon their heads.

"Are you not ashamed of yourselves?" she says. "If you had told me that you did not want me, of course I should not have pressed my society upon you; but to go off in this manner, and leave me behind *without a word*—that I call mean in the extreme."

"Look here!" says Eric, "you surely did not expect to be taken on a regular deer-hunt? Why, you would find nothing entertaining in it, and you would be amazingly in the way besides."

This remark wounds her deeply. In the way! She is evidently unable to imagine that such a thing could be within the remotest range of possibility. A flush comes over her face, she draws herself up.

"In that case, I have nothing more to say," she remarks, and moves away like a queen.

With a laugh, Charley springs from his horse and follows her. She has retreated to the end of the piazza, where Mrs. Cardigan and Mr. Lanier conducted their flirtation the night before, and opened her novel with the air of one intensely absorbed—an air, however, which does not impose upon the young man, who comes up smiling.

"Don't be vexed, Sylvia!" he says. "Eric is a sort of mis—what do you call it?—woman-hater, you know. I should not have found you in the way at all; but it would have been a pity to disturb you so early in the morning. Why, we started at daylight, and you know you are not partial to rising with the lark—unless it is for a horseback flirtation."

Sylvia's eyes are fastened on the pages of "The Wooing O't." She takes no notice of the apologies, or of the last assertion, and Charley has an excellent opportunity to observe the length and color of her lashes, as they droop steadily downward. He laughs again.

"How shall we pacify you?" he says. "Shall we take you to Rich Mountain again? By-the-by, did you leave anything on the top of Castle Rock yesterday evening?"

"I lost a piece of blue ribbon from my hair," she answers, glancing up now—and then she sees the identical knot of ribbon

pinned on the front of his coat. "So you have found it!" she says, holding out her hand.

But he draws back.

"Treasure-trove!" he says. "I was passing the rock with Lanier, and we both observed it lying on the side. I suggested that whoever could get it should have it, but he declined to climb, so I risked my neck alone—and here it is. You could not think of asking me to give it up after that!"

"It is not of much importance," she says, carelessly, "but I don't see what you want with it."

"Ah! don't you? Well, Lanier does. I doubt if there is a more angry or jealous man on the face of the globe just now. This is my order of merit, and—and blue is the color of hope, isn't it?"

"Give me but what this ribbon bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round!"

"If you think," says Sylvia, majestically, "that by climbing—no great feat, I am sure!—the Castle Rock for a piece of blue ribbon, and by paying foolish compliments, you can make me forget my just grievance, you are very much mistaken!"

And then, with a crushing air, she returns to "The Wooing O't."

"The woman who would not be flattered when a man climbs a rock for a ribbon which she dropped, simply for the pleasure of possessing it, and of aggravating another man, has—has no poetry in her soul!" says Charley. "What *will* make you forget your grievance, then? Should you like to go to the falls behind Cedar Mountain this afternoon?"

She looks up laughing—finding it impossible to keep her face in order any longer.

"You know I should!" she says. "It is doubly mean of you to treat me in this way, because one does not come to Arcadia to stay in the house and read novels."

So it is arranged, and, after an early dinner, we start to the falls of the Little River, which are chief among the sights around Buck Forest. Charley still wears his "order of merit" conspicuously on his coat, and Mr. Lanier devotes the chief of his attentions to Mrs. Cardigan. That lady is in the highest possible spirits, and I think would be perfectly happy if she could induce Sylvia to show any signs of pique. But the latter is unaffectedly indifferent—culpably indifferent, Aunt Markham thinks—to Mr. Lanier's defection, and her eyes shine as brightly, her sweet laugh rings as gayly, as if his devotion was all that the heart of woman could desire.

With affairs in this condition we start—a long cavalcade—toward the falls. Aunt Markham, seated in state on the piazza, gives us her blessing, but declines to accompany us.

"Eric," she says, "pray take care that nobody is shot, or drowned, or killed in any other way."

The allusion to shooting is on account of the guns which several of the gentlemen carry, for the dogs are taken along, and there are faint hopes entertained of "jumping" a deer. Eric, who is accustomed to being ad-

dressed as a kind of general policeman, answers with commendable gravity that he will endeavor to see that no accident of the kind occurs, and then we ride off.

The sun is shining brightly, but there are one or two ominous-looking clouds on the mountains, which make several persons prophesy rain. We heed the prophecies as little as possible. When people have been drenched in every conceivable manner, and at every conceivable time, it would be remarkable if they did not become indifferent to the weather. Our way lies over Cedar Mountain—not because it is the way to reach the falls, but rather because it is *not*.

"Most people follow the road," says Charley, "but that is stupid. Come this way and we shall have the view besides."

Nobody demurs—not even Mr. Lanier. He seems to have resigned himself to anything that may befall him while he is with a party who value their necks so lightly. Up Cedar Mountain, therefore, we go. This is that imposing hill of brown rock which is the first thing that attracts the attention of the traveler who arrives at Buck Forest. It rises boldly, its sides only sparsely covered with foliage, and in many places altogether bare. As are the sides, so is the summit. Here and there sufficient soil has collected to nourish a forest-growth; but for the most part one rides or walks over immense sheets of rock, diversified by beds of the richest moss, and tiny pools of water. The height of the eminence is by no means great, but it commands a very good view of the surrounding country, and of the mountains that stretch in azure fairness across the far horizon. This afternoon, however, the prospect is not seen to advantage—there are too many low-lying clouds in all directions, and over Rich Mountain one dark mass is rising—"boiling up" is the expressive provincial phrase—which looks as if it meant mischief.

"There may be a storm before long," says Eric. "Shall we go back and defer seeing the Falls until to-morrow?"

"Go back because there is a dark cloud three or four miles away?" says Sylvia. "What an idea! No; let us go on."

"Is that the vote of the party?" he asks, looking round.

Yes, it is the vote of the party; the feminine part of which is strongly inclined to suspect the other part of wanting to secure another uninterrupted hunt.

"If the storm comes up," says Charley, "we can find a refuge at the Bridal-Veil Fall."

"What an odd place to find a refuge!" says Mrs. Cardigan. "How can a fall shelter us—unless it be on the homœopathic principle of like curing like?"

"You'll see when we get there how it can shelter us," says Mr. Brandon, blowing a blast on his horn.

Having ascended the mountain on one side, we go down on the other, plunging into the depths of the forest without road or path. We are struggling through a laurel *thaparral* in single file, and I am wondering if I shall emerge without having suffered the loss of any of my raiment, or without being pulled from my horse, when a vivid flash of light-

ning suddenly blazes around us, and a rattling peal of thunder sounds overhead.

We glance up in dismay. That the sun has been for some little time obscured we are all aware, but the suddenness with which the cloud has come over astonishes even those who are best acquainted with mountain-storms.

"I did not expect it so soon," says Mr. Brandon. "We must run for it, or we shall be drenched to the skin."

"Run! where?" asks Mr. Lanier, blankly.

"To the fall!" answers Eric, galloping ahead.

There is no time for question. Another vivid flash, another volleying peal, show us the necessity of following as rapidly as possible. Away we go, a string of racing equestrians, presenting altogether so ludicrous an appearance that I find myself shaking with laughter as I bring up the rear. It is a breathless race, under drooping boughs, through dense thickets, over fallen trees, down declivities where a stumble would send horse and rider rolling head-foremost. Presently we dash into something bearing a faint resemblance to a road, and, just as the first heavy drops of rain begin to fall, come in sight of a white sheet of water rushing swiftly down an inclined plane of rock, and falling in a beautiful cascade. Here our escorts draw up their panting horses.

"Just in time!" says Charley, as he lifts Sylvia from her saddle.

The rest of us are deposited on the ground, the horses are fastened, and then, as the rain begins to pour down fast and furious, we are hurried along a winding descent over and under rocks, until some one says, "Stoop low!" and we find ourselves beneath a great shelving rock on a level with the river-bed.

"Why, this is like the Black Mountain cave!" exclaims Sylvia, "only five times as large."

"It is a great deal lower in the roof," says Rupert, who has given his tall head a severe thump.

It is certainly low of roof and damp of floor, this rock-house of Nature's providing; but, despite these drawbacks, it is as excellent a shelter from storm as the heart of wayfarer could desire. Over part of the ledge which forms the cave the stream pours in the perpendicular fall already mentioned, then the rock sweeps round parallel to the bed of the river, and under this we have taken refuge. The bottom is covered with large fragments of stone that have fallen from above, and on these we perch, taking care to keep our feet from the water, which is everywhere. Meanwhile, the rain is pouring in white torrents, the lightning is flashing, and above the tumult of the fall we hear the thunder rolling and rattling overhead.

"Is not this delightful?" cries Sylvia, appealing to the company. "Would you miss it for anything?"

"I should like exceedingly to miss it," replies Mrs. Cardigan, holding up her dress, and looking thoroughly out of humor. "I can see nothing delightful in sitting under this rock, for who can say how long."

"Not for very long," says Eric. "The

storm is too violent to last. It will be fair in an hour."

"An hour is a considerable time to spend in this manner," says Mr. Lanier, dusting his fingers, which show signs of contact with the rocks.

"It is a desirable thing to be a philosopher," says Charley, seating himself on a pile of stones, and regarding the falling rain with an expression of complacency. "I am a philosopher. It is a matter of small moment to me how long the rain lasts. I am ready to sit here till dark, or to ride home through it. Meanwhile, can't we have a game of whist?"

This proposal is received with favor, but, since nobody has thought of bringing a pack of cards, falls to the ground. There is nothing to be done but to possess our souls in patience, to talk idly, to shiver slightly in the damp air, and wonder when the storm will end. As soon as it abates, Charley and Mr. Brandon go out on a ledge by the side of the river to take an observation of the sky. They return in a moist condition, and report another cloud coming over.

"At this rate," says Mrs. Cardigan, "when shall we get away?"

In a few moments the cloud comes over as prophesied, and the rain pours again in torrents. The stream begins to swell, as mountain-streams do in the shortest possible time; and we notice that the fall increases in volume.

"Perhaps we shall be overflowed," Rupert cheerfully suggests. "That would be a jolly adventure."

The second storm is of short duration. Presently the rain ceases, and a flash of sunshine lights up leaping water, gray rocks, and green hillsides.

"How delicious!" says Sylvia. "What a glittering scene! Let us go out where we can see it."

So we go out from under the shadow of the rock, and look round on the radiant, dripping world, and up at the blue sky from which the clouds have parted and fled. On the opposite side of the stream an abrupt hill rises, covered with a wealth of tangled verdure; in front of us the Bridal Veil sweeps down and pours in a sheet of foam and spray to the solid rock on which we stand.

"If you like," says Charley, "you can go behind the fall. It will be rather wetter than usual after such a heavy rain; but it is the regulation thing to do."

"Will anybody tell me," says Mrs. Cardigan, "what was the good of keeping dry under the rock, if we are going behind the fall now to get wet?"

"You won't get wet—only a little damp," says Mr. Brandon.

"I don't think that I care to get a 'little damp,'" she answers. "Besides, I can see the fall very well from here."

"But you can't see the view from the other side," says Charley. Then he turns to Sylvia. "Will you go?" he asks.

"That is a question which may be defined as unnecessary," she answers, drawing her water-proof over her shoulders. "Lead on!"

So he leads and she follows, while Mr.

Brandon, Rupert, and I, come next. It is a trying operation, this passing behind the falls. The space for passage is very narrow, the wet stones are exceedingly slippery, the rock above shelves in a manner which makes it necessary to bend nearly double, the tumult of the falling water is almost deafening, and the spray fairly blinding. We draw a breath of relief when we emerge on the other side.

It is beautiful enough over here, however, to repay us for the inconvenience of the passage. The river does not altogether cover its bed, and we walk down the rock, with the current rushing swiftly by our side and the mountain rising sheer above, covered with rhododendron, and interspersed with tapering juniper-trees and stately spruce-pines. The stream shoots rapidly down until it drops suddenly into the loveliest pool that ever charmed the eye of a painter. The pellucid water might serve as a bath for Diana; rocks draped with vines, and flowers, and shrubs, inclose it; graceful trees lean over the crystal depths. It is a spot fit for nymphs—or lovers.

Perhaps Charley thinks so, for he insists upon taking Sylvia to it, along a very slippery and perilous way. She does not refuse his assistance, as she has often refused Mr. Lanier's under similar circumstances. Clinging together, and laughing gayly as a pair of children, they clamber down to the side of the pool, and then she clasps her hands in an ecstasy of delight.

"How beautiful! Oh, how beautiful!" I hear her say. "Charley, I should like to stay here!"

"I am at your service," says Charley. "We'll tell the others to go back and leave us. I shall be glad of the opportunity to utter a seasonable word or two."

"In that case I don't think I care to stay," she answers. "A seasonable word is one of the most unseasonable things in the world."

"Yonder is some beautiful moss," observes Mr. Brandon to me. "I'll get it for you if you like."

I do like; and, while he and Rupert are scrambling up the hillside, I watch them, and catch such scraps of the conversation at the pool as the following:

Charley. "I've stood a great deal, but, by Jove! I think it is time for me to have a definite answer of some kind."

Sylvia. "Oh, dear me, Charley, what is the good of beginning like this! You promised faithfully not to worry any more until we got home."

Charley. "I promise such a thing as that, with Lanier at hand to make love to you all the time! I'll be hanged if I did!"

Sylvia. "That was my understanding—but it does not matter. I suppose I need not expect any peace at any time. Mr. Lanier has gone over to Mrs. Cardigan; I think that ought to set your mind at rest about him."

Charley. "Fiddlesticks for Mrs. Cardigan! Lanier cares no more for her than I do! Sylvia, long as I have known you, I don't quite know what to make of you yet. Sometimes I think you are a heartless flirt!"

Sylvia. "Thanks, very much."



Charley. "Then again I feel inclined to trust you with—everything. Just now that inclination is particularly strong. If you hold out a sign of encouragement, I will indulge it with the greatest pleasure."

Sylvia. "But what is 'everything'?" Such an indefinite offer is rather more alarming than gratifying. Don't tell me now, however. Let us go back, and some other time—"

Charley. "That is what you always say. 'Some other time,' but the time never comes, and I am half inclined to believe that it never *will* come. This time is as good as any other, and, if you care for me—"

Sylvia (coolly). "I never said that I did, other than 'as a younger brother,' as I heard a sentimental young lady say the other day of the gentleman with whom she was flirting."

I do not hear Charley's reply to this, for Mr. Brandon and Rupert return laden with

be kept off and on until you are tired of amusing yourself, or until you decide to marry some rich prig like Lanier. Thanks exceedingly, but I don't fancy the *role*, and I am sure you could answer me now if you chose to do so. We've known each other long enough!"

Sylvia (with a sigh). "Too long for romance. There is no possibility of the illusion that ought to accompany the tender passion. Why, I know all your weak points as well as you know mine!"

Charley. "So much the better!—we'll have less to learn after marriage. I don't believe in illusions—I can't see that they serve any good end. I had rather love one woman than a dozen angels. Now, Sylvia, my darling, just one word—"

Sylvia (impatiently). "I won't! I haven't any word to say—do let me alone."

Charley (speaking with dark emphasis).

"You had better tell me. I have made up my mind not to stand this state of affairs any longer. If the worst comes to the worst, I'll have it out with Lanier."

Sylvia (sarcastically). "Pray do! That would help matters so much!"

By the time the conversation has reached this point we gain the fall, and Mr. Brandon, turning, says:

"Be careful where you step, and follow me exactly."

I am careful, and follow him exactly—hence I emerge in safety on the farther side; but there are other members of the party not so fortunate. What evil spirit possesses Charley I do not know, but he certainly pauses midway in the passage and turns—thus forcing Sylvia, who is behind, to pause also. The torrent of water is pouring in a white cataract of foam and spray before their eyes, its noise

fills their ears. Yet the reckless young fellow absolutely seizes his companion's hand and holds it in a vice-like pressure.

"Now," he says, "you *shall* answer me! I'll not let you pass until you do. Is it yes or no?"

"Charley, how dare you!" cries Sylvia, amazed and indignant. "I—I *won't* be bullied in this manner! Let me pass."

"I'll let you pass the instant you say yes or no," replies Charley, inexorably; "not before on any account."

"No, then!" she cries, with all the emphasis of which she is capable under the circumstances, and, snatching her hand from his grasp, she endeavors to dart past him—but the stepping-stones are slippery and unstable. She loses her footing, and he has barely time to seize her as she falls under the Bridal-Veil Fall.



"He has barely time to seize her as she falls under the Bridal-Veil Fall."

mosses and ferns, over which we hold an animated discussion until a shout from the direction of the cave makes us turn, and we see three handkerchiefs waving a signal of return. Then, like Lord Ullin in the ballad, we lift our voices and cry to Charley and Sylvia, "Come back! come back!"—a summons which one, at least, of them is ready enough to heed.

They come, and we walk on. I—who loiter behind my escort in order to be sure of finding safe footing on the treacherous rock—learn that their conversation has not waxed more amicable.

"I am tired of the subject!" I hear Sylvia say, petulantly, "and I will *not* be browbeaten into giving an answer when I am not ready to do so. You must wait my time, or do without an answer at all."

Charley (whose long-suffering patience is plainly exhausted). "You mean that I am to

## FALLEN FORTUNES.

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "WALTER'S WORD," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

MR. CAMPDEN ORDERS THE BAROUCHE.

THUS, therefore, it came about that at the usual luncheon-hour four of the breakfast-party had gone their ways, and there were gathered around the great table only the host and the three young ladies—for Jenny generally made her appearance at the mid-day meal.

"Now, Uncle George," said Kate, merrily, "I hope you are going to be very polite indeed to us girls, because, you see, we have no other cavalier."

"Don't say polite, Kitty," cried Jenny; "don't waste your opportunities like that; of course he'll be polite; say *devoted*."

"My dears, I *am* devoted," said Uncle George; "very much so, indeed. If I can do anything to please you, pray mention it."

"He is a nice old papa, he really is," remarked Miss Mary, like an auctioneer who is recommending some article to an audience who have doubts.

"He has done himself a mischief already, upon your account, young ladies, by eating luncheon out of courtesy; let me tell you *that*," observed he.

"O papa, how can you say so, when you know mamma always cries out if you have two helps of meat, as you did to-day; and you had bottled stout, too!"

"All for your sakes, my dears: I felt that what Curzon calls 'support' would be necessary if I had to amuse you young people. And now I am prepared for further sacrifices. Suppose I take a glass of sherry."

It was very unusual to see Mr. Campden in such a lively mood; he was generally as dumb as any china figure, and almost as motionless; now he was more like something in gutta-percha from which a weight had been removed, and which assumes its natural shape with elasticity. It was only very seldom that his wife was away at meal-times.

"My dear papa, then you will go to sleep, and be of no use at all."

"Not a bit of it; I am all for exertion. Now, suppose you and Kitty row me about on the river, and Jenny steers."

"O Uncle George, we have got blisters on our hands already," said Kitty, "from rowing you about; you are certainly very lazy."

"Well, supposing you girls dress up in Eastern costume—you are fond of dressing up—and come and dance before me. Pretend to be nautch-girls (if that is the way you pronounce it); and Jenny shall clap my hands together—if I like it—for applause."

"It is a capital idea," cried Jenny. "Let us get out all Mrs. Campden's beautiful Indian shawls, and do the thing completely."

The three girls burst out laughing, partly at the audacity of this proposal, but princi-



pally at the very long face which it caused Mr. Campden to draw.

"I don't think that will quite do, my dears," said he. "Now, what do you say to billiards? Mary and Kate shall play, and Jenny shall mark; and I will show *how* you ought to have played when you make mistakes. That will give me a good deal to do, but I don't mind."

"You are very rude, Uncle George, instead of being polite, far less devoted," said Kitty.

"Well, my dear, I only threw out these ideas as mere suggestions. If you are for archery, I can pull the bow against anybody, though I can never, somehow, shoot off the arrow; and as for croquet, there are doubtless more stupid games than croquet, though I confess I have never seen them."

"But Jenny can neither shoot nor play croquet, papa," observed Mary, softly.

"Oh, pray don't mind *me*," said Jenny, with a little flush. "I shall be very happy looking on."

"My dear Jenny, a thousand pardons," cried Mr. Campden, vehemently, his ruddy face becoming quite purple. "It was the stout that made me so stupid. The only amends I can think of is to leave our occupation for the afternoon entirely in your hands. Let the rest of us be Miss Jenny's slaves, and do whatever she pleases.—What do you say, girls?"

"That will be capital!" cried Kate and Mary, simultaneously.

"Do you really mean it, Uncle George?" asked Jenny, gravely.

"Unquestionably, my dear. I feel already like Herod when he had made that imprudent promise to his step-daughter—but my word is passed."

"But there are so many deliciously naughty things that I should like to do, Uncle George," said Jenny, thoughtfully. "It has long been my desire to go out in the steam-yacht with a few friends who do not in the least understand the machinery, and to see what will come of it, whether it could ever stop or not of itself, and what we could do beyond making it whistle."

"I am truly thankful to say," observed Mr. Campden, piously, "that there is not enough water in the river to float the steam-yacht."

"So am I," cried Kate and Mary, also gratefully. "It was well known to both of them that Jenny was afraid of nothing, and that her love of danger and excitement was in inverse proportion to her feeble physical powers."

"Well, then—it is a great bathos, after my steam-yacht notion—but, next to that expedition, I should like us all to go to Bleabarrow to see the wrestling."

"Oh, how delightful!" cried Kate.

"Oh, my goodness!" ejaculated Mary, "what *will* mamma say?"

Mr. Campden poured himself out another glass of sherry, and ran his hands through his thin thatch of gray hair. Beneath his breath he might have been heard to murmur, "Gracious heavens!" but the expression of his face was pretty firm.

"You think you would enjoy that sort of thing, Jenny? I mean, these games?"

"I am *sure* I should—that is, looking on at them. I should not make much of wrestling myself. Jeff says it's a noble spectacle; and Jeff will be there, you know, and dear Tony, and Mr. Holt. Fancy how surprised they will be to see us! They will scarcely believe their eyes. Come, Uncle George, you'll keep your word."

Mr. Campden swallowed the sherry, and rang the bell—for the discussion had lasted long after luncheon was over, and the servants had retired to their own mid-day meal.

"Jeff took the dog-cart," observed he, "and my wife the pony-carriage."

"Then we had better take the brougham," suggested Mary.

"No, my dear; I think the barouche would be more comfortable for all of us; and, besides, it will afford a better view."

"Uncle George, you are thinking of what will be more comfortable for *me*," said Jenny, softly.

"Well, it would not do to forget you *twice* in one afternoon, my dear," was the pleasant response. "Now, go and get your things on, girls, that we may start at once; and then we can get back pretty early, you know—before your mamma comes home.—John, let the barouche be at the door in twenty minutes."

He had not issued such a command without consultation with that barouche's mistress, far less in direct opposition to her, for twenty years.

"My dear Jenny, I am quite jealous of you," cried Mary Campden, as the girls trooped up-stairs together, to attire themselves for the anticipated treat. "I am sure no seductions of *mine* would ever have persuaded papa to do such a thing. Why, it quite 'partakes of the nature of a lark,' as Jeff calls it, does it not?"

"She must have 'given him medicines,' as *Falstaff* says, to make dear Uncle George so complaisant," laughed Kitty; she was a young lady who liked Shakespeare better than the musical glasses, and had a very pretty "trick of iteration." "She has certainly given him medicines."

"No, my dears," said Jenny, decisively; "it was neither my charms nor my medicine—though some people do take it medicinally: we owe everything to that second glass of sherry."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE GUIDE-RACE.

"SPORTS," as the celebration of country games is often locally called, are for the most part, in Derbyshire, much the same as they have now become in other places; an excuse for half a dozen excursion-trains to convey the "rough" element from the neighboring towns, and pour it over the peaceful fields—like sewage—only by no means with the same beneficial results; but at Bleabarrow this was not the case.

The prizes offered for competition were too small, and the place itself too remote, to attract much public attention, so that the proceedings were of a "truly rural" and Arcadian kind. The wrestlers were not at-

tired, as they now often are seen in the heart of Westmoreland, and even Cumberland, in party-colored tights and fancy jerkins, giving them the air of street acrobats rather than of honest dalesmen; no guerdon was offered for "the neatest wrestling-costume," but men came in their working-day clothes, and when they stepped into the ring—which was open to "all comers"—merely threw down their coats and waistcoats, gave their old-fashioned "turnip" watches to a friend to hold, and kicked off their shoes; then—save that when their names were called, they rubbed their hands in sawdust, so that they should not slip their "holt"—they were ready for the fray. Of course, there are objections to such sports in any shape, as there are to most things nowadays, thanks to the very superfine tone of our public morality; but if the objectors never amuse themselves in a worse way, they must be what advertising tradesmen term "a selected lot." To a mere ordinary mortal, to whom a little physical rivalry seems no more hurtful than any other form of the competition system, they afford an innocent and agreeable spectacle, though the actors are no doubt, as Mrs. Campden described them, "vulgar creatures," whose "Sunday-best garments" (if they possessed such things at all) are not much better than those that they cast upon the greensward.

They are, after all, fellow-creatures, and it is not uninteresting to watch the play of human nature that accompanies this exhibition of thews and sinews. How anxiously, when a competitor's name is called, he listens for that of his rival, which, like his own, is drawn at a venture from the hat; and how the face lights up if it is a green-hand, and grows serious if it is a veteran whose laurels are not easily won! To the young ones, especially, who have perhaps entered their names for the first time, this is all-important, as their highest ambition is to live into "the third round," and their hopes of it can only reasonably lie in being opposed to antagonists of their own calibre. It is very unusual, however, for any one to give up his chance without a contest; a mere stripling will do his best against the last year's "champion," and very tenderly the giant will take him up—and in most cases lay him down. But now and then there is an unexpected resistance; the youthful aspirant is supple and quick, or the slippery grass gives him an advantage, and, when all eyes are expecting an easy victory, the giant falls undermost instead of the pigmy. Then a shout of "Bonny lile one" (for little one) breaks forth from the assemblage, that startles the buzzard on the peaks of Bleabarrow; and sometimes a village maiden (his betrothed) will permit herself (for I have seen her do it) to be so carried away by a natural enthusiasm as to give the "lile one" another sort of hug than that which he has just experienced, to the admiration of all beholders.

No one "bites the dust" in the Homeric way—in fact, there is none to bite, save what the combatants take up in their hands—and the danger, save of a "ricked" back or a sprained ankle, is slight indeed; but the

strain, and the tug, and the tussle—every muscle at its fullest stretch, the legs vibrating yet stiff as nails, the heart beating at highest pressure, the breath coming in sobs and gasps—are grand to see, and afford the elements of an epic.

The spectacle of it all entranced young Tony to a degree not attained even by the Christmas pantomimes in London, with which he had been familiar from very early years; for here all was reality; and if there were no splendors in the way of glare and glitter, yet the amphitheatre of sky-piercing crags in which the sports were held had a certain majesty even for his boyish eye, while every point in the proceedings was made plain to him by Jeff (who had them at his fingers' ends), an advantage which in the case of the pantomimes was often denied to him, the explanation thereof being beyond the wit of man. If the two youths were thus wrapped up in the combatants of the ring, their elder companion was equally preoccupied in another fashion: his face was indeed fixed upon the wrestlers, but his mind was busy with the contents of those two little notes we have seen him receive that morning; his thoughts, set in motion by the one, crossed the far-stretching seas, and lighted upon a certain valley, shadowed by a mightier hill than any now beheld by his physical eyes, and canopied by a more cloudless sky; the scenery was that of the tropics, but the skilled hand of the mechanic had been at work therein, and had compelled the mountain-stream to do his bidding; there were water-wheeled stamping-mills, such as are used in Cornwall, and all the apparatus employed in mining enterprises; as Holt beheld it, the mill-wheels were still turning, and the huge hammers at work upon the spalling-floors, because he was but recalling a picture that had once actually presented itself to his vision; but he knew that no such busy scene was in truth being enacted in that far-off valley, since the Lara Mine had failed to produce its yield of gold. From Brazil his thoughts would leap to Bampton—for there was a connection between those distant spots—where they could make no such picture for him, because he had no personal acquaintance with the place, but wandered vaguely over booths and hustings, and excited mobs of men—such as he had seen elsewhere at election-times.

"The two blows together will have a crushing force," murmured he, not without a touch of pity; "but he cannot blame me for either."

Thus it happened that the first contingent from Riverside Hall had their attention so engrossed that they never noticed the arrival of the second in the neighborhood of the ring, where, indeed, as it had seemed that morning, they would have been about as likely to put in an appearance as the bishop of the diocese to be seen at a man-and-dog fight.

Moreover, there were other carriages present, and some with ladies in them—for the local gentry and their wives were not all so exclusive in their views as Mrs. Campden—so that the barouche was no very conspicuous object. Mary and Kate enjoyed ex-

ceedingly the notion of watching Jeff, and Tony, and Mr. Holt, as they sat, all unconscious of their presence, in the very primitive grand stand—a bank of rough seats with a slanting roof of wood—which was the place of honor; but Jenny's whole attention was directed to the sports. For her (as she lay propped upon soft cushions, yet even then not wholly free from pain), the feats of strength and agility of which she was a witness had a marvelous charm; she was not frightened, as her sister and cousin were, at the crisis of each combat, when one put out his strength to overcome the other, and to bear him to the earth; and when the victory was achieved, and Kate would cry, "Poor fellow! how hard he struggled," in pity for the vanquished, Jenny's tiny palms were doing their best to swell the triumph of the conqueror.

As for Uncle George, his principal occupation was to consult his watch, and calculate how far by this time his wife had probably progressed upon her "calls," and how much, therefore, of margin there was left for them to go home in, and still anticipate her return. Presently, a short, stout gentleman rode up to the side of the carriage upon a pony, and addressed the party *en bloc*.

"Well, I never! Who would have thought of seeing you here? I am sure the sport-committee ought to feel flattered. How did you get leave, young ladies?"

"We did not get leave, Dr. Curzon," laughed Mary. "Mamma had gone out for a drive—"

"Oh, I see; when the cat's away—I mean—ahem!" and the fat little doctor rubbed his nose, which was enormous, and shot out of his bright, black eyes a glance of sly significance at Mr. Campden.

"Well, I thought there could be no possible harm in bringing the girls," observed that gentleman, apologetically. "We were only driving by—you see the horses have not even been taken out—and just looked in for a few—" (he was going to say "minutes," for the fact is the whole speech was but the rehearsal of what he intended to say, when the time arrived, to Mrs. Campden herself. He would never have the courage, he felt, now that the effects of the stout and sherry had evaporated from his brain, to own the whole truth).

But luckily at that moment a great shout arose over some prostrate wrestler, and spared him further humiliation by attracting his interlocutor's attention.

"Capital fall, by jingo!" cried the doctor; "and how long it lasted after they got hold! You were timing it, I see."

"Two hours and a half," said Mr. Campden, gravely, "or perhaps even three."

"My dear sir, it was not three minutes. What are you thinking of?"

"To be sure—to be sure; I meant three minutes," stammered the squire, for such he loved to be called by his Bleabarrow neighbors. "A very pretty fall, indeed." He had been thinking of the "margin" so exclusively that he had not even noticed that the contest was decided. "Have you seen our young friends yonder, and Mr. Holt?"

"Not I. I am on my rounds, my good

sir—professional duty; only, as I was passing by, I thought I'd just look in—like you—upon these wrestling fellows. I did not expect to find my patient here;" and he turned to Jenny with a look the tenderness of which redeemed his monstrous nose and purple face, and made him almost handsome.

It was a face of great intelligence, notwithstanding its color—which was solely owing to the inclemencies of the weather, to which his practice exposed him; and among the many advantageous surroundings among which Mr. Campden's lines had fallen, that gentleman justly counted it not the least that Dr. Curzon was his neighbor. One of the greatest drawbacks of a country life is inaccessibility to medical aid, and also the inferior description of that assistance when it is procured; but in Dr. Curzon the tenants of Riverside Hall had a doctor in whom they could have confidence, at their very doors—that is to say, but half a dozen miles away by road; and only half that distance if you crossed the river and climbed the crags, and so dropped down upon the doctor's cottage in Sanbeck Valley.

He was welcome everywhere, not only by the sick-bed, but at the dinner-table of those whose state of health never required his professional presence; and nobody that was not quite a new-comer in the neighborhood would have dreamed of saying that it was "only the doctor," when his stanch little pony, with its heavy burden, came trotting up their carriage-sweep.

"Suppose we say, Uncle George, that you brought me here to see the doctor!" cried Jenny, naively—"to meet him by appointment at the sports! When the people are not looking, I will show him my tongue, and he will prescribe for me. Then it will be all right, you know, and no story."

"I don't think that will do," observed Mr. Campden, doubtfully. "No, no; we were just driving out, and looked in; which is, after all, pretty much what happened. There is no occasion to go beyond that. And I really think, my dears, that we had better be turning home."

"But, Uncle George, there's the guide-race," expostulated Jenny; "you will surely not take us away without having seen that?"

"The guide-race?" replied Mr. Campden, mechanically, as he fingered his repeater—"what is that?"

"Why, squire, you ought to know," put in Dr. Curzon; "it's a thing that we are very proud of in this county, because we flatter ourselves it assimilates us to the mountain districts. It makes old Bleabarrow hold its head up to think that it could possibly require the services of a guide like Helvellyn or Sca Fell. It is but nine hundred feet, yet it is a stiff climb to that pile of stones yonder; and I doubt whether any of these young fellows will do it in—what shall we say?"

Mr. Campden's lips were following the strokes of his repeater, which was talking in his waistcoat-pocket in obedience to his pressure on its handle. "One—two—three—four—ay, and a quarter of an hour," he answered, nervously.

"I'll bet you a shilling they don't do it under the five-and-twenty minutes," replied the little doctor; "it has never been done under twenty-five since Longstreet's time, the very nearest cragsman of his time; and the heat to-day is something—Why, what's the matter, Miss Kate? They're peeling for the race, that's all; it's not a fight."

"Yes; but look—look—there's Jeff among them. Jeff's going to run. How very angry Mrs. Campden will be with him!"

"Pooh, pooh!" answered the doctor, sharply; "let her be angry; I mean she has no right to be anything of the sort. Why, it is very creditable to the young fellow to show such pluck, and I hope he won't be the last in."

"O papa!" cried Mary, "do you see what Geoffrey is doing?"

"I see he's taking off his coat and waistcoat; and I should like to do the same," said Mr. Campden. "I would take off my flesh and sit in my bones," as somebody says, 'this weather, if the arrangements of Nature permitted of it.'"

"But he is going to run, papa."

"Ah, there I think he's a fool, Polly; I wouldn't run."

"But he is going to join in the guid-race up the hill—to run for money."

"He is not, Mary!" cried Kate, decisively; "I am quite certain that Jeff would not do that. The race is open to everybody, and he wishes to try his speed against the others; that's all. You don't suppose he would take any of the prizes, even if he won them, away from these poor people?"

"At all events, I am sure mamma will be exceedingly put out," said Mary; "but, of course, if papa has no objection—"

"Eh, ah!" said Mr. Campden, who had once more abandoned himself to his apprehensions. "What is that you are saying about your mother? What the deuce is the matter now?"

"Nothing is the matter, Uncle George, except that I want your arm," said Jenny, gayly. "I must stand up to see this, and you know I can't do that without your help. There's a dear, good uncle; and now don't you move one inch until all is over. There are six of them, and Geoffrey makes the seventh. Now, I call this delightful! There's our dear friend Mr. Holt—how I should like to see him run up the crags—and Tony looking at Jeff as though he were a demigod!"

"And, upon my life, he looks like one!" cried Dr. Curzon, admiringly.—"Step on the seat, my dear Miss Kitty, and lean on me; the pony will stand quite still, for he has been used to be shot over, though not by such bright eyes as yours.—Now, I call that the model of a young fellow. Who is that he has just given his watch to, to take care of? I hope he's an honest man."

"My dear Dr. Curzon," said Mary, reprovingly, "that is Mr. Holt, a friend of papa's, or rather of Mr. Dalton's. Did you not see him at the charades last night?"

"I dare say I might have seen him, Miss Mary, but I did not notice him. The fact is, my attention was wholly monopolized by a couple of pretty housemaids; the fairest, flirtiest little—Now, don't you push me off the

pony.—Mr. Campden, I wish you'd speak to these two girls."

"Speak! you might as well speak to the winds," answered the squire, his large arm infolding Jenny's waist with clumsy tenderness. "Gad! you don't mean to say, doctor, they're going straight up yonder, between those flags? Why, at this distance, it seems almost perpendicular."

"Seems—nay, it *is*," exclaimed the doctor; "as you shall see. Here's an opera-glass which I brought for the very purpose; and if Miss Jenny will honor me by using it—We'll call it a stethoscope at home, if you please: the doctor brought his stethoscope to the sports, as agreed upon.—Eh, squire?"

"Yes, it is all very well for old bachelors to joke about other people's wives," grunted Mr. Campden; "but, by Jove! if you had married Julia, and had taken her barouche to a prize-fight—that's what she supposes this sort of thing to be—you'd be as glad of an excuse as I am. Thank goodness, they're starting at last!—You don't care to see more than the start—do you, girls?"

"Uncle George!" cried Jenny, earnestly, "I must see this race out; I never felt so excited in my life."

"Which must be very bad for you, my dear Jenny."

"Not a bit of it," said the doctor; "it will do her all the good in the world. Guid-races are recommended by the faculty for her particular complaint, which, as you see, is mostly 'temper.'"

"He's over the wall!" cried Kitty, enthusiastically.

"Like a bird," ejaculated the doctor. "If it was 'Fire!' they could not have done it quicker, the whole seven—nor have had much less on them," added he, *sotto voce*.

"By jingo! but they're close together; you could cover them with a handkerchief!" cried the squire, roused to unwonted interest in the proceedings. "There, now; they're scattering a bit. Now the pace begins to tell, and the amateur to succumb to the professional. It's a case of 'bellows to mend,' I fear, with Master Jeff."

"Not a bit of it," answered the doctor, indignantly; "he is only going round the wood, instead of through it, which is the quicker way, although the longer. See! two of them have followed his lead. Jeff has got good wits as well as good wind, let me tell you."

Kitty's little hand was leaning on the doctor's shoulder, though, up to this point, he had scarcely been aware of it; and now he felt it lean hard; she was thanking him by that silent pressure for his defense of her favorite.

The scene had now become very exciting; the seven competitors had already reached the high ground, yet did not in the least relax their speed; a thicket of brushwood immediately intervened, into which four plunged, whose heads and shoulders could be seen making way through it at a diminished rate; the three others ran round, and were first upon the other side; the young blacksmith of Sanbeck leading; then Jeff; then a certain gamekeeper, said to be able

to tire out any sportsman upon moor or fell.

Dr. Curzon gave a short biography of each of the seven champions, with whose career he was perfectly familiar. "I shall be able to certify that Master Jeff's rivals were all eminently respectable members of society," continued he, slyly, in Mr. Campden's ear.

"Tush!" said the squire; "let me enjoy the race."

When the first climbers got to the steep rocks between the flags, they had become to the naked eye little more than moving specks; and Jenny alone could make them clearly out by help of the glass. "The blacksmith is still ahead," said she; "and Jeff is shoulder to shoulder with the other man.—What did you call him, doctor?"

"Well, I said he was a gamekeeper; between ourselves, Miss Jenny" (this he whispered), "he's a poacher!"

"He's an uncommonly good climber, at all events," said Jenny, admiringly. "But Jeff goes like a chamois, too."

"Let me have the glass a moment," said Kitty, softly. Her heart was beating almost as quickly as poor Jeff's, who was doing a very nasty bit of crag-work; it looked as steep as a wall, even to her—to the others, it was like a window-pane with three flies upon it. Not a hundred feet above it was the pile of stones—marking the summit of the hill—which each had to round before beginning the race home. She had gazed upon it from her own room at the hall a hundred times, but, henceforward, it would have a personal interest for her. What endurance, what fatigue, was he not undergoing! Matched against grown men like these, and all (as she well knew, in spite of Mary's ill-natured remarks) for the honor of the thing; for there was honor in it.

"He's down!" exclaimed she, eagerly.

"Who's down? Not Jeff!" cried Jenny.

"Jeff? No!" returned Kitty, contemptuously; "it's the blacksmith."

"Poor fellow!" said Mary; "he has not hurt himself, I hope."

"You had better go up and see," said Jenny, rather rudely; "for my part, I should like them all to slip except Jeff."

"Oh, so would I," said Mary, "so far as that goes."

"That is the true female view of justice," chuckled the doctor.—"As for you, Kitty, you would like them all to have apoplectic fits, would you not?"

"No, sir; I should like Jeff to win, but to do it fairly."

The doctor patted approvingly the hand that rested on his shoulder; forgetting that Kitty had quitted her hold to take possession of the glass.

"You need not squeeze my fingers, Dr. Curzon," said Mary, comprehending his error.

"You need not talk about it, my dear, if I did," answered the doctor, imperturbably; he had been nearly half a century in practice as a medical man, and was not easily put out by a mistake.

"He is round the stones," exclaimed



Kitty; "both of them. Now they are coming to the steep place again—oh, surely they won't run down *that*! I cannot look at them."

"Give me the glass," cried Jenny, impatiently. It was popularly understood that she was "all nerves," but her hand was steady enough as she brought the instrument to bear upon the returning athletes. "Jeff and the gamekeeper are far ahead," said she; "they are coming like the wind. Well done! Oh, I wish I was a man like you, Uncle George, that I could add, 'By jingo!'"

"Why, what's the matter, lass?" asked the squire.

"Jeff has just jumped a boulder like a deer; they are leaping from stone to stone, as the water comes down the fall in wet weather. I would rather be able to leap like that than anything in the world."

The doctor pursed his lips, and gave a little sigh, but Jenny neither saw nor heard him.

"If nothing happens, one of these two will win. Think of that, Kitty; Jeff will be second, at all events. O dear, O dear! they cannot stop themselves."

"Good Heavens! what has happened?" cried the squire. Kitty did not speak, but the doctor felt both her hands suddenly clutch his shoulder.

"Why, they'll have to go through the wood, instead of round it."

"Is that all? You gave me such a turn," said Mary, pettishly.

"That is just what they could not give themselves," said Kitty; "they are coming right through the copse, instead of round it."

"They are wise," said the doctor; "they have the ground with them this journey. By Jove! it's a fine race."

By this time the two leading figures were well in sight, and a mighty cheer burst from the excited throng of spectators, as now the one, and now the other, seemed to have a few feet of vantage. A stone-wall lay before them, then a piece of slanting turf, below which was a gully, into which both had descended on their way up—it being of course impossible to clear it from that direction. After that was the "run in" over a level grass-field, with another stone-wall at the finish. Both topped the first wall at the same instant, and then the gamekeeper began to lead; it was plain that, though not more agile among the crags, he was a trifle more speedy on the turf than his younger competitor. He would certainly be first at the gap that led down into the gully, and, consequently, first out of it, after which, barring accidents, the race would be his. The party from the Hall could discern this as clearly as the umpire himself, and gloom fell upon them accordingly.

A roar of exultation suddenly arose.

"By gad! Jeff's going to jump it," cried the squire, excitedly.

"He's going to *try* it," murmured the doctor, mechanically putting his hand to his pocket, to feel if his case of instruments was in its accustomed place. He'll break his legs, if not his neck."

Jeff's plan was indeed a desperate one.

Finding himself outpaced by his rival, he had avoided the gap altogether, and was making straight for the gully at its highest point, intending to treat it as a ditch. If he cleared it, he would not only save something of distance, but all the time which the other would consume in descending and ascending. But if he did *not* clear it, there would be twenty feet of fall upon a stony bottom—the bed, in fact, of a dry torrent.

On he came like a race-horse; there was no time to pull himself together, nor even "to think about it" (as Jeff himself afterward allowed, in depreciation of his own feat); and the next instant that apprehensive "Ah-h-h!" arose from the spectators, such as salutes all "deeds of derring-do" while in progress, followed instantaneously by the shout which proclaims success. Jeff had alighted upon the tips of his toes at the very verge of the chasm; there was not an inch of margin; but he had done it; and now he was half-way across the field before his rival had emerged from the gully.

"O Jeff, dear Jeff, I never liked you so much before!" cried Jenny, her frail limbs "all of a tremble," and the tears running down her cheeks like rain.—"Was it not plucky of him, Kitty?"

But Kitty could not have spoken had she been offered, like "Conversation" Coleridge, half a crown for every word. Her face was white, and her eyes seemed to start forth to meet the victorious boy, as he climbed over the last stone-wall, not so lightly as he had crossed it last—but yet without signs of positive distress—and ran in to the goal the winner by half a dozen seconds.

"Back, back!" cried the doctor, riding in among the people that were pressing around the lad and cheering him vociferously. "Give him room and air."

Then he presently reappeared at the side of the barouche.

"The boy is well enough, but awfully 'pumped' and exhausted. It is my opinion"—and, when the doctor used that form of words, he meant what he said—"that he would be none the better for receiving your congratulations just at present, young ladies. He does not even know you're here; you see—"

"Ay, then we had better be off before he finds it out," put in the squire, eagerly. "Then we shall get nicely home before—that is, in time to receive your mother, Mary."

## THE MILL OF ST-HERBOT.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID,  
AUTHOR OF "PATTY," "MY STORY," ETC.

### CHAPTER X.

THE BAZVALAN DOES HIS DUTY.

MADAME RUSQUEC drew back as quickly as she could from the ring. She waited only to hear that Jean Marie had recovered his senses, and then, taking Louise's hand, she left the *file*. She had seen many inquisitive glances leveled at her daughter, and the girl's

agitation had become so uncontrollable that it was a relief to escape from prying eyes.

She did not speak till they were near the mill, and then she looked severely at Louise as she said:

"What is this, vain child? Didst thou set the brothers Mao to wrestle for thy sake? Thou shouldst be thankful that such a man as Jean Marie has noticed thee, and thou must be more careful not to give him cause for jealousy. Poor man! he is badly hurt, I fear, though at one time I felt sure he would win." Then she burst out, as if she could not restrain herself: "Truly Christophe is a fine, brave lad!"

But Louise could not answer; and, when they reached the cottage, she flung herself on a bench, and, laying her head on the table, she sobbed herself almost into violent hysterics. The excitement and vexation had been quite too much for her. The day that she had looked forward to with such delight had proved an utter failure. Beyond the pleasure of wearing her dress, she had not any of the enjoyment she coveted.

And yet when, after a while, she grew calmer, and thought over her day, there was abundant consolation in the remembrance of Christophe's words. He had conquered, too, in the struggle, which she began to see had, indeed, been for her. She could not help feeling sorry for Jean Marie, but he had looked so evil that she shrank into herself at the remembrance of his dark, vengeful eyes. She wondered that she could ever have wished such a man to propose for her.

"He would have killed me if I had rejected him!" She trembled, and tried to think of something else.

Her mother had been watching her. She saw her sudden paleness, and she grew compassionate.

"Thou hadst best go to bed, child; thou art tired and overdone."

Louise went to her mother and held her forehead to be kissed.

"I shall be quite well when I have slept," she said. "I wish I had not gone to-day, but waited for the dancing to-morrow."

"Thou canst not go to-morrow, Louise. I cannot go down the hill again, and, after what chanced to-day, thou must not be seen alone at the *parade*."

"O mother, mother! how can I give up the dancing? I have thought of it so long; and think of my new skirt and bodice!"

Madame Rusquec kept silence, but she shook her head and frowned. Her resolution was taken, and she never bandied words with Louise. She was vexed beyond any power of expressing vexation. Jean Marie Mao, the best match in Huelgoat, a man notorious for his avoidance of women, had singled out Louise for notice, and beneath her eyes he had been seriously hurt; for, although he had recovered his senses, he had been carried to the presbytery, and was said to be unable to stand. And Louise, instead of being really pained or saddened, as soon as she had got rid of her temporary agitation, had already forgotten the cause of it, and could talk of dancing while the man who had so distinguished her lay ill, it might be dying! for Madame Rusquec had known of more than

one instance in which death had resulted from these violent falls.

Louise was in many ways a spoiled child, but she knew it was useless to struggle against her mother's will. She sobbed a few minutes longer, said it was very cruel, and then, tired out by the day's excitement, cried herself to sleep.

She wakened happier next morning, and she consoled herself during the two remaining days of the *pardon* by reflecting that she should feel very shy and strange without her mother, and she became more reconciled to her disappointment when Mathurin brought word that neither of the brothers Mao had reappeared at St.-Herbot.

Madame Rusquec avoided all mention of the wrestling. Her mother's silence oppressed Louise with a sense of wrong-doing most irksome to her bright, pleasure-loving nature. She kept out-of-doors as much as possible.

On the third morning she had taken the cow down the valley, and had bidden Barba follow her when she could be spared; for the little Barba did not lead a holiday life. Though she was but eight years old, the poor child had to cook, and wash, and clean—when cleaning was required—for her father. To her Louise was like some beautiful fairy queen, to whom the word duties—the word that held so large a place in Barba's poor little life—was unknown.

Presently Louise heard footsteps behind her; but she knew they were not Barba's. They were too heavy, and, besides, they were uneven. At first she hoped they might be Christophe's, but, as the steps hurried to overtake her, the limp told her, before she turned round, that her pursuer was the red-haired tailor.

"Aha, my pretty maid, so you are none the worse for the fright you got at the wrestling."

Coëffic put his head on one side, and his leer of admiration made him more hideous than ever.

"Why should I be the worse? How is the farmer? I hope none the worse. Come, come, Master Coëffic, you are the first person I have seen who can tell me any news. Who climbed the pole the best? Was the dancing good? and who were the best dancers?"

"How many questions! No one knows how the farmer is, because no one has seen him; the biggest fool was the best climber; and, for the dancers—when the sun and the moon are out of the firmament, the stars cannot choose but shine the best—there was no Louise Rusquec, no Christophe Mao among the dancers! Ah, there is a fellow for you; there is no other like him in these parts; so handsome, so spirited—I believe no young maid could find it in her heart to say 'no' to his wooing."

Louise blushed and pouted. She turned her back on the cow, which strayed, and was soon out of sight.

"How can Christophe Mao go a-wooing? He has nothing to keep a wife—no house, no cattle, no furniture even, or money to buy it with."

Coëffic laughed heartily.

"The young judge always by the outside,

and they are right. Does not Christophe look fit to have a wife? Yes, I tell you, he is fit—he has a pair of good arms and strong, and his head is screwed on the right way; and he has seen the world, and his tongue well hung; ah, you should hear him tell of fishing in the Morbihan and off Belleisle! My word, I only wonder the pretty girls of Belleisle let him come among us again a bachelor. Never fear about his means. I tell you he has plenty; why cannot he work the mill and make it bring in the double of what that lazy dotard Mathurin makes it do with that foolish Jules—why not?"

"Ah, Coëffic, you are always hard on Mathurin"—but she did not look angry.—"Well, as you have no news for me, I must go after the cow."

Coëffic caught her arm.

"Wayward girl," he said, rebukingly, and yet with a smile that conveyed admiration, "you know that I wait for your answer—you know whom this handsome fellow sighs for, and yet you remain hard-hearted and indifferent."

Louise blushed with delight.

"I know nothing about him. Why, I had only seen him twice before the *pardon*. I can give no answer. You must speak to my mother."

And then, overwhelmed by this decided act on her own part, she darted away from the tailor and ran after the cow. She had taken her dinner with her, intending to remain away till evening, but she felt herself drawn home by mid-day. Her mother was spinning, as usual. She did not look up when Louise came in. She went on spinning; the girl waited a few minutes, then she said:

"Well, mother, have you had a visitor?" Madame Rusquec still did not speak. "Mother, has any one been here?"

The widow left off spinning, and fixed her eyes gravely on her daughter's face; but the girl's cheeks grew too hot to endure the scrutiny. She turned aside, and got out the mugs and spoons for dinner.

"Coëffic has been here"—the serious voice frightened Louise—"and he tells me Christophe Mao wishes thee for a wife, and thou art willing to take him. This is not what I hoped for thee, Louise. I hoped to give thee to a husband rich enough to spare thee work, and wise enough to guide thee—since thou must needs take a husband." The contempt of the last sentence stung Louise. "What else was I born for, mother?"—the tears started in her eyes—"thou hast shown me the way, and if Christophe works the mill, will not that help thee, also?"—and then, changing in a minute, for the weak, soft heart could not bear to be in strife with any one—she put both arms round her mother's neck. "O mother, if I am happy, is not happiness more than money, and I could not have been happy with Jean Marie—he is so stern and cruel."

Madame Rusquec kissed her daughter, but she did not look contented; she told her that she must be ready to receive Christophe in two days, as he would then come to make the demand of her hand.

Louise wondered to herself, she wondered

that her mother had so easily yielded, and she wondered about Christophe. In her talks with the tailor at various times, she had learned the customs of the country, and she knew that, when a man came to court his future wife, he was always accompanied by his nearest relative. Would Jean Marie do his part by his brother? The thought made her shrink with terror, for she knew that some of her smiles and glances must have encouraged the farmer to think she approved his suit. But, no; Jean Marie would not come—he was, doubtless, still too ill to appear in public.

"If Christophe and he could only change places," she sighed. "I do not hesitate, for I love Christophe; but it must be comfortable to live at the farm at Braspart, with that kind old Jeanne, who does all the work. And, after all, I shall be poor all my life, like my mother. Ah, must I always work as she does? But, then, Christophe is so young and handsome. Ah, how fine he looked as he stood in the wrestling-ring! And he will work hard for me. Yes, yes, I have chosen; I cannot have my cake and eat it."

Madame Rusquec wondered, too, at herself more than at Louise. Why had she given her consent to Christophe's proposal—was it still too late to draw back? In fancy, she had already pictured to herself the pleasant life she could lead in Jean Marie's farmhouse, and if Louise married Christophe she must remain at the mill and work hard all her life.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE BROTHERS.

As soon as Christophe saw Jean Marie lying senseless, his heart turned to his brother; for the time, Louise and her charms were effaced by his agony of remorse. The farmer lay so rigid and deathlike that others beside Christophe thought that he was killed. But after a while Jean Marie regained his senses, and then Christophe took him home in Pierre Kerest's wagon.

By next day the careful nursing of Jeanne and Christophe had brought him greatly round; the young man sat up all night applying cooling lotions and plasters to his head and to the severe bruises caused by the fall.

Jean Marie seemed thankful for his devotion, and at times he felt more at ease with his brother than he had felt since the meeting at Madame Rusquec's. But next day his mood had changed. Strong man as he was and well up to these rough sports, he had never before been thrown so violently, and, when he tried to rise, his head swam and his legs tottered under him.

"You must lie on your bed, master," Jeanne said, and, after some resistance, he was glad to lie there quietly.

Jeanne felt for the mortification he must suffer at his defeat, but this formed a very small part of the torment that raged in him as he lay seemingly so quiet on his bed. He knew that he should have conquered Christophe, that he was braced up to give him his final overthrow when those agonized words had reached him, and he saw that look of

anguish on Louise's face. It smote him so suddenly, so convincingly, that his strength seemed to depart at once, and when he again seized Christophe in his arms his grasp was so feeble and mechanical that the young man thought his brother was reserving himself for another mighty effort, and he was astonished at his own victory.

It was impossible that any explanation could take place between them, and yet Jean Marie at times judged Christophe fairly, at others fits of blind impotent fury possessed him. Lying there almost helpless, he saw his brother stride across the floor in the full pride of his youth and strength, and he longed to strike him down, and forever rid himself of so dangerous a rival. This mental tumult increased the pain and confusion in his head, and acted against Jeanne's remedies.

Meanwhile, Christophe waited impatiently for his brother's recovery. Coëffic waylaid him each time he left the farm, but the young man shrank from grieving Jean Marie, yet he had shown his feelings to Louise, and he owed duty to her as well as to his brother, and, on the terms Jean Marie had himself proposed, he had fairly won the right to ask her to be his wife. He did not feel confident of success with her, spite of Coëffic's assurances, but at last he yielded to the *bazvalan's* cajoleries and entreaties, and sent him to plead with Louise.

On the evening of the fourth day Jean Marie felt much better. He was calmer, too—more in his right mind. It had come to him that he had judged Louise hastily and foolishly. True, she had uttered that cry which had so unnerved him in the ring, but what then? She liked Christophe, and it pained her to see him hurt. Other women did not feel these things, but then Louise was tender and soft-hearted.

"Jeanne says she left the ring sobbing as soon as I fell. That might have been for me. She did not even speak to Christophe. Why have I been so hasty and so faint-hearted? It is certain Madame Rusquec would not hesitate between us two."

And then the remembrance that he had himself given up the chance of first asking for Louise by the bargain made with Christophe sent him back into dogged sullenness. Still, through this there shone a gleam of hope. Christophe might be refused. He called Jeanne; no answer came. He hobbled to the back-door, wondering how soon he should be able to reach the mill.

As he stood at the door, he heard a murmur of voices beyond the haystack, which was some twenty yards from the house. Always suspicious—in his present state jealously alive to all that might be said concerning his defeat—he crept lightly across the yard, littered here also with straw, and soon was near enough to distinguish words, and to discover that the speakers were Jeanne and his brother.

"You will tell the master," Jeanne said.

"Tell him yourself," said Christophe. "I have given him pain enough. I do not care to make him suffer."

Jean Marie's face grew dark, and he set his teeth hard one against another, and he

thrust his head down that he might not lose a word.

"It is best to tell him yourself," said the old woman; "but, if you cannot, then I will. He should know before others."

"Yes, you must tell him. And then there is this to be settled. Coëffic says the next step is for me to go with him and with my nearest relative to see Louise's mother. I thought, as Louise and I had understood one another before, these formalities might have been set aside; but Coëffic says no. Now, Jeanne, I cannot ask Jean Marie to answer for me."

There was a pause; then Jeanne said:

"The master would counsel you; but there is your cousin, the barber Kerharo. It is true, he is a new-comer in Huelgoat; but still he is the son of your father's sister, and he is therefore of your blood; he will do for you what is wanted."

Jean Marie's jealous fury had risen beyond his control. He limped forward with surprising swiftness, and stood facing Christophe and Jeanne.

"I have heard you," he said, with concentrated fury in his voice. "I tell you, Christophe Mao, not to make too sure"—the young man shrank from his gleaming eyes—"you have had your chance, now I will take mine, and we will yet see who shall win Louise. Curse thee! thou biter of the hand that feeds thee. Thou art a coward and a deceiver, too, I tell thee. I was a fool even to put to the trial that of which I was so sure; and I tell thee, too, that Louise Rusquec shall not be the wife of any man but me!"

His face was distorted with ungovernable anger, and, while Christophe stood shocked and silent, old Jeanne took the young brother's arm and led him away.

"Do not answer him," she said, gently; "he had these fits all his life, and woe betide the man or woman that crosses him at such a time! I have seen him shoot a dog dead for even caressing him in such a mood."

"How long will it last?" said Christophe, moodily.

"I cannot tell; but he is always sorry and gentle afterward. Perhaps you were right, my boy—perhaps it would have been better to have kept silence until the marriage was decided."

"I will keep silence now with a vengeance. I shall no longer hesitate to grieve him. He has cursed me. I go to-morrow with Kerharo and the *bazvalan* to make my formal demand for Louise."

## CHAPTER XII.

### LOUISE'S FAREWELL TO THE MILL.

"THERE, child, thou hast done enough," Madame Rusquec said; "rest now, for to-morrow will be a busy day."

Louise looked pale and tired. She had been formally betrothed to Christophe on the day following Jean Marie's furious outbreak. The young pair had eaten out of one plate, drunk out of the same mug, and, in short, followed all the *bazvalan's* instructions; and

now to-morrow the friends on both sides would assemble at the mill to see the stores Madame Rusquec had laid by for her daughter.

All the old oak *armoires*, tables, and benches, and the frames of the box-bedsteads, had been oiled and rubbed till the firelight reflected red on their shining surfaces; the silver spoons had been diligently polished, and there was a fine display of pewter arranged on the shelves in front of some very gay-colored *faience*. The *armoires* had been studiously piled with all the best linen, and the doors of these would be left open to-morrow, to show the further wealth and industry of the household—for all this linen was homespun. The walls, too, shone with the brightness of copper and brass; mother and daughter had been hard at work polishing every cooking-utensil, and now they were both tired out.

"Rest, my child," her mother called after Louise, as the girl went to the open door.

"I cannot rest, mother; I must get some air, it is so hot. Mother"—she turned on the door-step—"dost thou think Jean Marie will come to-morrow among the rest?"

Madame Rusquec looked keenly at her daughter.

"I hope so," she said. "Why should he not come?"

Louise grew red under her mother's keen glances.

"He did not come for the betrothal, and I thought—"

"Thou art full of foolish fancies, child; Jean Marie could not come, then, because he was still suffering, but he must be well by this time."

The widow checked a sigh; she could not check the thought that, if her daughter had not been willful, she might have been mistress of the farm at Braspart.

"Mother!"—Louise turned such a saddened face over her shoulder, as she stood at the open door, that her mother softened at once—"I must go out for a short while; I cannot rest yet; I feel that I must be moving." She ran back and kissed her mother, and then went out rapidly.

She did not, as usual, seek for Barba. She had rarely felt so tired bodily, and the fatigue depressed her, and made her wish to be alone. She sauntered aimlessly into the wood, but she was soon glad to seat herself on one of the gray boulders that are scattered everywhere over this wild country.

The evenings were now long, and there was still plenty of light in the sky. Louise was not sentimental; she loved Christophe as well as her shallow nature was capable of loving, but at this moment her thoughts were chiefly occupied by her wedding-dress—whether she should wear a short, richly-embroidered handkerchief across her shoulders, or a long, plain, white-silk shawl. She was reckoning the difference of price on her plump fingers—and suddenly she paused—and listened—steps were coming through the wood behind her.

"Mathurin!" she called out. There was no answer; but in a few minutes a man came stooping under the branches of the beech-trees.



It was Jean Marie, and at sight of him Louise rose up hastily, and was inclined to run away. But the farmer was prepared for her avoidance of him.

"Stop, Louise, I must speak to you; and you must wait to hear what I say."

If he had studied the girl for years he could not have chosen his words more skillfully. Louise stood still, compelled to listen by the man's strong will.

He waited a moment, looking eagerly in her face for some show of feeling toward him, and in the silence Louise recollected herself.

"I hope you have quite recovered," she said, but she kept her eyes on the ground. Then she remembered that this man would soon be related to her. "We shall see you at the mill, to-morrow?" she said, and she raised her eyes to his face.

All Jean Marie's preconceived calmness fled.

"You vain, heartless woman!" His voice was so harsh and broken that all her fear came back. "What do you take me for—do you think I mean to give you up? See here, Louise." He put his hand on her arm, but he did this so quietly that she had no excuse to cry out. "I ask you, what prevents me from going on to the mill, to bid your mother put me in Christophe's place? She would do it. Bah! I understand women, I hope, though I have troubled myself so little about them. I have only to name the sum, and she will give you to me, and give up the mill into the bargain." He stopped and looked at her with an intense craving in his eyes. "But why do I talk to you? Why do I not go on to the mill at once? Do you know, Louise?" He stopped again; the girl stood fascinated by his intense gaze. "Why do you not answer?" he said, more gently.

"I do not know." Tears came into her eyes, and her helpless look touched him.

"Child!"—the deep, passionate tone mastered her; she kept her eyes fixed on his—"it is because I love you. Yes, love you! I, who all my life long have despised women. I tell you, Louise, that I cannot be happy unless I have you for a wife—I cannot live without you. Do not fear, my sweet child," for she had drawn back at these last words, "I will not hurry you; you know nothing about love, and that raw boy can teach you nothing. You cannot even guess how happy I will make you—how precious you are to me, my sweet, lovely child." He drew her closer to him, and gazed at her with an intensity of admiring love.

Louise was frightened by his looks and words, and she was fascinated also; the strongest feeling she had—her vanity—was fed and soothed. Christophe had never talked to her in this wild, passionate way—he had said he loved her, but he had said it more quietly—he had not said he could not live without her. "And yet I love Christophe," she thought, "and I can never love this dark, violent man—I fear him so."

She stood silent with downcast eyes, unable any longer to meet his gaze, for his eyes seemed to blaze under his dark brows. Her silence gave him courage; he drew her yet closer, and clasped his arm round her waist.

The close embrace roused Louise.

"Oh, do not! Let me go, please let me go, Monsieur Mao; it is not the way to make me like you—to frighten me so."

He muttered an oath between his teeth.

"I will frighten you yet more," he said, sternly, "unless you do what I ask. I watched you just now, and you listened with pleasure to my love—you are trifling with me—you do love me!"

"No—oh, no. I have promised!"

The girl hardly knew what she said as she struggled vainly to free herself.

Jean Marie drew his arm slowly from her waist, but he kept her hand tightly grasped in his.

"Look here," he said; "you shall not waste your life and mine for an idle promise. I came here this evening by no chance. I came because I am resolved that you shall not marry Christophe. You love me, and you shall be my wife. Ah, Louise, think what I can give you besides my love. Christophe can give you nothing. As my wife you shall never work, you shall not even spin unless you please. Say you will give up Christophe."

She shook her head.

"I cannot," she said, faintly.

"Oh, my little one, be reasonable—you will break my heart." He spoke so tenderly that the girl was thrilled through with surprise. "Louise, if you guessed how I love you, you would not be so cruel."

Louise looked at him for a moment. The imploring appeal in his eyes swayed her weak nature.

"I do not ask you to marry me now," he said. "I only ask you to listen to my love, and to give up Christophe."

He waited, but no answer came. He pressed her hand tightly in his.

"I will not leave you," he said, "until you promise to give him up."

Louise looked around in terror. If she screamed ever so loud she would not be heard at the mill, for the noise of the cascade deadened all sound around the cottage. She had no strength to free herself from the tight grasp on her hand, and knew she might stand there for hours for the chance of a passer-by. Christophe had said he should not come that evening.

"Promise!" Jean Marie's eyes never left her face, and again they seemed to fascinate her by some irresistible power.

"Oh, how cruel you are! If you loved me, you would not frighten me so."

She repented her words as soon as she said them. Jean Marie pressed her hand to his lips and covered it with kisses.

"It is you who make me cruel, my beloved," he said, passionately. "Say you give him up and I release you. You are driving me mad, Louise. I cannot answer for myself."

She looked up in sudden fear. His face was working strangely, and his eyes glared wildly.

"Yes, yes, I give him up; let me go."

The girl was half crazed with terror, and the strange tumult of conflicting feeling which the man's wild, passionate love had stirred in her unawakened nature.

Jean Marie stood as if paralyzed with the

sudden joy. He put his hand to his head, claspings his brow tight with his fingers. Then he loosened his grasp of her hand, but still held it tight enough to prevent her escape.

"God bless you! I have one more word to which you must listen, my child. To-day I swore a solemn oath that you should never be the wife of Christophe, and I have never failed to keep an oath; see that you keep yours." He said this sternly. Then, more gently: "Now I will take what every lover has a right to take, and then I will walk with you to the mill."

He stooped and kissed her, but Louise struggled and slipped from his grasp. Then she fled away before he could stop her, not toward the mill, for Jean Marie stood in the upward path, but downward toward St.-Herbot.

He looked after her a moment, and then went back among the trees, from where he had come.

Louise ran on till her breath and knees alike failed, and then she stood gasping, leaning against a tree.

"What have I done?" she sobbed. "Oh, what have I done?"

She had stopped where the path ended, in a comparatively open space. In front of her was a ruined cottage, probably once the abode of some *sabottier* or charcoal-burner, for there were many in the district, spite of the wolves, which, in winter, came out of the wilder, more retired parts, and prowled in the woods. The cottage was quite deserted, and overgrown with brambles.

Since the betrothal it had been a favorite trysting-place for Christophe and Louise, and the sight of it made her self-reproach yet more bitter.

"Oh, how could I listen to him for one moment?" she cried. "What will Christophe say to me?"

The upward path through the wood was narrow, and encroached on by a thick growth of trees; but here the trees had either been cut down, or were more sparsely planted, and the path beside which the ruined cottage stood went right and left, straight for only a little way, and then both its ends struck downward toward the avenue which leads to St.-Herbot.

The noise of the cascade is faint at this distance, and, as Louise stood shivering with fear and grief, she heard a sound which checked her sobs and made her listen with hope and with straining ears. The sound was the swing of the gate at the end of the avenue, and her hope was that the person who had passed through the gate might be coming through the wood instead of merely skirting it by continuing along the avenue. Whoever it might be, she should ask for protection or companionship; she felt that she dared not meet Jean Marie alone again, or pass alone through the wood to the mill.

For some time she was in anxious doubt; though the trees were sparsely planted, their boles were larger here, and she could not distinguish a figure beneath the trees in the fast-waning light. But as it came nearer, she gave a scream of joy, as she recognized the tall, alert figure of Christophe. She

sprang forward, but he had seen her and was beside her in a moment.

"O Christophe!" she cried, and her tears came freely now as she threw both arms round his neck and sobbed like a frightened child on his breast.

He put her gently away with one hand, and looked surprised in her tear-stained face.

"What is it, my poor little one? who has frightened you, my Louise?"

She drew herself away, and shook her head.

"O Christophe! what shall I do? I have promised to give you up—if you are angry with me I shall die."

Christophe frowned, he looked very angry.

"You have seen Jean Marie," he said. "Jeanne told me he had gone toward St. Herbot with his gun—I felt anxious, I hardly know why—and I followed; but now I see I had cause," he said, gravely. "Where is he?" and he looked round; "you have deceived me, Louise."

"Oh, no—no!" she almost shrieked. It was terrible that Christophe should turn against her. "I was frightened, and said what I did not mean."

"Louise"—there was a sad calm in the young man's voice which quieted her at once—"have you promised to marry my brother?"

"No—no!"—as she looked in Christophe's face all her love came back—how could she for any fear have promised to give him up?—"he said he loved me, and he would marry me, and I said I was promised to you, and then"—here she sobbed so bitterly that he could hardly hear her words—"he frightened me, and swore he would never let me go unless I give you up." Christophe looked at her, unable to believe her words.

"And, just because you were afraid of a man's anger, who would not dare to hurt you, you promised. O Louise, I cannot believe your own words."

He turned away in bitter sorrow, and Louise felt that he despised her. A sudden power came to the girl. She laid her hand on Christophe's arm.

"Listen, Christophe"—she raised her voice, for it seemed to her that he was leaving her forever—"I know all you think—you think because Jean Marie is rich, that I would change for him. I tell you, if he were ten times richer than he is, I would not marry Jean Marie, for I could never love him—never. I love you, you only, dear, darling Christophe."

She raised her arms to fling them round him—staggered—and fell dead in his embrace!

Jean Marie had witnessed her interview with his brother, and at her last words had taken aim deliberately at her heart.

In untold anguish Christophe bent over the lifeless girl, while Jean Marie stood, a dark, frowning, motionless figure, with both arms resting on his gun.

Christophe Mao went back to the fishing in the Morbihan when his brother's trial was over. Jean Marie was tried for the murder of Louise Rusquec, but it was urged that the

fall in the wrestling-ring had affected his brain, and that there were extenuating circumstances. He is still working out his sentence in one of the French penal settlements.

Christophe has never returned to Huelgoat, and the old farmhouse of Braspart is let to strangers.

THE END.

## CENTENNIAL SKETCHES.

### III.

#### A WOMAN OF '76.

THE women of the Revolution have received a liberal but scarcely their just meed of praise. In other words, their deeds, their heroic lives, have never been sufficiently recounted, for to relate the bare facts of their history would be to bestow upon them the highest glory.

It was not alone in buoyant endurance of fearful burdens, in passive forbearance under brutal insult and tyranny, in lovingly supporting the hearts of the patriot soldiery—these are exhibitions of woman's nature common to all nations and to every age—the terrible struggle for American independence seems to have called forth exceptional phases of womanhood, and we find the tender flesh and delicate nerves, the quick brain and impressible heart, actively engaging in the deadly strife—as soldiers in actual battle, like Captain Moll on the heated field of Monmouth, or Deborah Lawson serving in uniform through the war; as scouts, like Emily Geiger, under Greene in the Carolinas; and as spies and saviors of men, like Lydia Darrah, in Philadelphia, who, fleeing through the winter night, snatched the American army at Whitmarsh from sudden destruction.

In those sections of the country which became at any time the seat of war, and especially in such as suffered most severely by the bitter partisan strife between Whigs and Tories, did the women manifest surprising gallantry; and for this reason the States of the South produced some of the most remarkable cases of female daring.

Mrs. Ellet, by her loving endeavors to collect and save the scattered and dying traditions of these heroic women, has rendered a service for which successive generations will not cease to be thankful; but it is evident that even her faithful research must have failed to discover all the women whose deeds brought them great local fame. One of those who thus escaped her notice is the subject of this sketch.

At the outbreak of the Revolution there lived, on the banks of the Sandy Creek, in the old North State, a widow with five young children. Her lately-bereaved home was sumptuous for the times, and she held large possessions in lands and mills. Her husband, Colonel John McGee, had been a person of influence in his section—a man of wealth and widely-extended business relations. His young widow now carried on the plantation, the mills, and the store, and

proved herself a thrifty and efficient manager.

She was in many respects a remarkable woman. Her fine figure and commanding bearing were the exponents of a noble and dauntless heart, a mind keen, energetic, and resolute. Her presence of mind was wonderful; and, through all the wild vicissitudes of her life, she was never at a loss for expedients to accomplish her will. Her deep, intense nature made her a noble friend, but a dangerous enemy; while her bold, daring, and unconquerable determination more than offset the disadvantages of her sex. Yet, she was in no way unwomanly; through all her life no voice of reproach was ever lifted against her from any respectable source. When the war came on she espoused the Whig principles with enthusiasm; but woe to the luckless Tory who crossed her path! General Gray, in a manuscript letter, now seventy years old, says that she despised the very name of a Tory, and if she ever prayed for one it must have been in the language of the one hundred and ninth Psalm. Her maiden name was McFarlane, and she held, in strong force, the sturdy characteristics of her Scotch ancestors.

Colonel McGee had been an extensive trader, and most of the business at the store was carried on by barter. He received deer-skins, furs, beeswax, all such articles as could be easily handled; and when the time came to replenish his stock he would load this produce on wagons, travel to Petersburg, and exchange it for goods. On all these expeditions he accompanied the train on horse-back; and, while his drivers slept by the teams, he himself would seek a lodging in some neighboring house. His wife had learned his methods of business, and the names of his friends on the route, and now that she was a widow she was determined that the hand of the master should not be missed.

Soon after her husband's death she started on her first expedition, and made a safe and successful journey to Petersburg. On the first day of her return it began to snow. Toward evening the wind rose to a gale, the snow blew in blinding gusts, and lay heavy and thick upon the ground. Through all the wild night the faithful woman remained beside the teams, inspiring the drivers and encouraging the beasts. When the dull, gray daylight returned, the storm was still increasing, and the wagon-teams made short stages and long rests.

The widow saw the situation was desperate; she now concluded to leave the wagons to follow as they could, and push on alone to a place of safety. Armed with pistols and a dirk, for she was in a Tory country, she started out into the blinding waste of snow. Her stout, faithful mare caught the spirit of the struggle, and through the early part of the day plunged sturdily onward. About noon she entered a wide tract of forest—whose desolation was unbroken by a single house, and whose thick growth of pines cast a heavy shadow upon the dim light of day. Here the force of the gale was somewhat broken, but the snow piled in huge drifts about the trees, and it was impossible to de-

tect the road. The caprice of the wind opened wide avenues between the trees, where the footing was easy; and she often mistook one of these for the road, riding on between narrowing walls of snow, until some instinct told her she was wrong. At last the fading light struck a sudden terror to her heart. She looked at her watch; it was late in the afternoon! What should she do? Her noble beast was sadly flagged, and she knew not which way to turn. But to remain was to perish! Just then she remembered hearing that the largest limbs of the pine are always on the southern side. With an inward shout of exultation she plunged on once more with this for her guide. Every moment was precious, for darkness was coming on with fearful strides, when she would no longer be able to distinguish one limb from another. She plied her trembling mare with the whip; she coaxed with pleading voice and petting hand; she begged and scolded—when suddenly it grew lighter, and her eyes saw nothing but the weird, bewildering face of the snow. The mare felt the change at once, and, pushing on with redoubled energy, soon brought her rider to safety and a bright fireside.

The fair hand of the young widow McGee belonged to a woman of many personal attractions, and held in its grasp large wealth; so it was greatly sought for in marriage through all that region; but, conscious of her vantage-ground, she resisted for a long time the assaults of love. This won her the reputation of being haughty among her rejected suitors; but "haughty" though she was, she found at last a heart more powerful than her own, and in the spring of 1779 she became Mrs. Martha Bell. William Bell was of a respectable family and in a good business. He lived on the Deep River, near the ford on the Greensborough road, and here the new wife removed, and joined her fortune with his.

The active part taken by Mr. Bell in the struggle which was desolating the State made it unsafe to remain at home while the British troops or Tory bands were in the neighborhood, and much of his time was spent "lying-out" in the woods or swamps, or seeking safety in the American camps.

Just after the battle of Guilford the British army marched to Wilmington. About the middle of the afternoon, the van of the army, led by Lord Cornwallis, reached the house of Mrs. Bell. The earl dismounted and entered. After looking about him a space, he said abruptly:

"Madam, where is your husband?"

"In Greene's camp," was the short reply.

"Is he an officer or soldier?"

"No, he is not; but he knew it was better to be among friends than fall into the hands of enemies."

"Very well, madam; I must make your house my headquarters for a few days, and take your mill to grind for my soldiers."

"Sir," said she, "you have the power to do as you please; but after using our mill do you mean to burn it?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Answer me first, and I'll tell you afterward."

"No, then," said Cornwallis, "your mill shall not be burned or your property injured, but my officers must have provisions for the army. I shall remain in your house, and my presence will protect you from insult, for no soldiers of mine will dare plunder near my quarters."

"Well, now, sir," rejoined the stout-hearted woman, "as you were so kind as to answer my question, I will answer yours. If your lordship had intended to burn my mill after using it, I intended to save you that trouble by burning it myself at once!"

Cornwallis took no offense, but began giving orders in a quick, nervous manner. He walked up and down the room like one ill at ease, turning sharply on his heel. He told Mrs. Bell that he had just annihilated Greene's army, and could fear no more harm from him. Presently he opened the back-door and looked nervously up the road for a few moments, then resumed his walk to and fro. The air drew through the room and the good lady rose and shut the door. The earl opened it and again gazed up the road. He appeared to be in trouble, and could not keep still a moment. He would sit down in a chair, only to find his feet at once, and return to his pacing. Again Mrs. Bell closed the door. Cornwallis immediately opened it, saying sternly that he wished it to remain so. His hostess asked him the reason.

"Why," said he, "I don't know but Greene may be coming down on me at any moment."

"But I thought you said just now that you had annihilated him, and feared nothing further."

"Well, madam," said the earl, with a sigh, "to tell you the truth, since God made me I never saw such fighting. Another such victory would annihilate me!"

During the stay of the enemy on Mrs. Bell's plantation, Cornwallis treated her with proper respect. But the British general lacked either the will or the power to withhold his troops from their usual depredations. They took her provisions, her crops, and her live-stock, and stripped the place of all they chose to want. The presence of the commander protected her from direct insult, but she often heard the officers without the house curse her bitterly for her rebel proclivities. One day when one of them was galloping toward the river to water his horse he shouted an insulting remark to her as he passed the door. Provoked beyond endurance, she said she wished his horse would throw him and break his neck. The next moment the horse stumbled, the rider was thrown on to the rocks, and instantly killed.

When Mrs. Bell learned that the British army were likely to pass over her road, she took the usual precaution of burying her money. This was all in specie, and she had deposited it under a stone step of one of the buildings. It was a heavy rock, and she was barely able to move it enough to scratch a hole and drop her guineas. But she had not counted on having the army actually encamped on her grounds, and now, knowing well their custom of prying up every stone and searching every cranny for plunder, she felt certain the soldiers would discover her

treasure. She was not the woman to lose her property without an effort to save it. She determined to recover her gold, and find for it a safer hiding-place. She accordingly made an excuse for visiting the camp, roamed about leisurely to disarm suspicion, and, watching her opportunity, stepped to the stone, moved it by one tremendous effort, grasped her bag, and, hiding it in her gown, carelessly retreated. Her bacon and numerous things of value she had deposited among the rocks on the other side of the river. These were soon discovered.

The miller who had been for a long time employed by Mr. Bell was one Stephen Harlin, who was at heart a Tory. Now in the presence of the British troops he had opportunity to show his proclivities. He not only allowed the soldiers to take the grain, but he also revealed the hiding-place of the bacon, and the prize was at once secured. He told them, too, that there was much cider in the cellars. They immediately went to the house and demanded it of Mrs. Bell. She told them stoutly they should not have it. They seized an axe and started for the door. She rushed before them, placed her back to the door, and told them they could not have it without assaulting a lady. Moved by shame or fear, they withdrew, and the cider was saved; but the miller lost a good place.

A few hours after the British army had broken camp and started on their day's march to Walker's plantation, the gallant Colonel Lee dashed up to Mrs. Bell's door. He was well acquainted with this noble woman, and received from her a hearty welcome, though she quickly surmised that his appearance at such a time presaged a fresh call upon her services. General Greene had determined to pursue Cornwallis, and Colonel Lee with Colonel Washington were harassing the rear of the retreating army, cutting off their foraging parties, and picking up valuable information regarding the enemy's condition, and the country he was passing through. In the afternoon Mrs. Bell mounted a fleet horse, armed herself as usual with dirk and pistols, and rode furiously to the new camp. Pretending to be angry at the soldiers' depredations on her plantation, she demanded to see Lord Cornwallis. The earl had been kindly treated while staying at her house, and now received her courteously and heard her fictitious complaints. Meanwhile, her keen eyes were actively serving the cause of liberty, and, with a woman's tact, she learned much at a glance. On leaving his lordship's tent, she strolled about among the troops, and, having soon gained the information she sought, once again took to the road, and bore home her valuable knowledge in safety. That night the indefatigable Greene found fresh encouragement in his preparations for that masterly pursuit of Cornwallis, from which, baffled by Providence, he turned aside to march into South Carolina. Only a few days before this noble man had written to his wife that for six weeks he had not taken off his clothes, and now, on learning the condition of Cornwallis at Bell's Mills, he was in hot pursuit of the victorious enemy!

Tarleton, in his history, speaks of fierce



skirmishes with Lee and Washington around Mrs. Bell's house, and it is certain that partisan strife raged with great bitterness. Colonel Lee, on one of his raids, captured two young Tories who, when told that they must die, earnestly pleaded to be taken to Mrs. Bell's. On seeing the good woman they fell down before her, and begged tearfully for her intercession, crying:

"You know us, Mrs. Bell!"

How like the voice of that fearful prophecy must have sounded to them her reply:

"I know you not! I know you not!"

The men met their just reward. Yet we may feel sure it was from no unwomanly hardness of heart that she thus doomed these men to their fate. On another occasion a Tory wretch, who had been nearly hacked to pieces by enraged Whigs, for picking off their beloved commander, crawled to her door and besought her mercy. Moved by his terrible condition, she took him in and nursed him to recovery; and that, too, at a time when her husband dared not sleep in his own bed from fear of just such outlaws as this.

Mrs. Bell was soon called on for another deed in the service of Colonel Lee and liberty, still more daring than invading the British camp. It was discovered that a formidable band of Tories was gathering about fourteen miles up the river, on the other side. Just after nightfall one day, Mrs. Bell, well mounted and armed, left her house on a reconnoitring expedition. During her widowhood she had often employed her knowledge of midwifery for the benefit of her neighbors, and her skill was well known throughout that country. She now assumed the midwife's character, and, of course, the midwife's need of haste, which suited her purpose admirably. Dashing along at full speed, she would hail any passing traveler, or call at some house on the way, and artfully dropping such hints as would indicate her business, would carelessly inquire the condition of the country—if the Tories were in good spirits; if any were gathering at any place; how many there were, where they were meeting, how to get there, what were their plans, and if she had anything to fear should she meet them. In many cases she received important answers, and to the last question the invariable reply, "Not if you are on *that* business." She would speak of her great need of haste; even now she might be too late; and, putting the lash to her horse, would soon be lost in the darkness. In this way she went over many roads, turning aside wherever she knew information was to be had; for she was acquainted with every foot of the ground. At daylight she was back again in her own house, having traveled over thirty miles, and learned the whole story of the loyalist gathering. Colonel Lee pounced down upon them on the following night, and broke up that nest forever.

It was now three months since the dreadful carnage at Guilford, and the desperate strife between Whig and Tory was raging all over the State. The crack of the rifle was heard in every forest; some dead man lay beside nearly every ford; and night after night the glare of burning dwellings quivered in the skies. So active a Whig as Mar-

tha Bell could not escape the fury of the loyalists. Her husband was in the North on matters of business, but the next best thing to murdering a patriot was the destruction of his property. Again and again was the plantation invaded by bands of armed desperadoes. They burned the barns, drove off the cattle, rifled the house of its contents, wounded one of the little sons, and threatened to shoot the whole family. The father of Mrs. Bell was making her a visit. Learning the fact, a party of Tories came in the night, and avowed their purpose of taking his life. Forcing their way into the house, they rushed upon the aged patriot with drawn swords. Not a moment was to be lost; there was not even time to rush across the room for her pistols; and, grasping a broad-axe which stood by the fireplace, the noble woman sprang between her beloved parent and the approaching death. Swinging the axe high over her head, her eyes terrible with wrath, she cried: "If one of you touches him, I'll split you down with the axe!" Panic-stricken by this invincible spirit, they turned and fled.

Through all that bitter summer Martha Bell lived in desperate struggle for the preservation of her family. Night and day were alike full of danger: "the terror by night," "the destruction that wasteth at noonday," hovered about her dwelling, staring at her from the darkness, or hiding the light of the sun. Yet her courage and will met every emergency, and her dauntless spirit rose above every loss. In the fall of 1781 her husband returned, and hoped to live concealed in his house. The Tories soon heard of his presence, and one dark night they surrounded the house in large numbers. The doors were securely barred. Finding they could make no entrance, the ruffians brought fire to burn him out. As they were passing round a corner of the building, Mr. Bell thrust his head from a corner-window, intending to shoot. One man chanced to be directly under the window, and cut at Mr. Bell with his sword, inflicting a terrible wound. His wife now shouted to her boys to get out the guns and fire from the windows. Then she cried out to her negro Peter, raising her voice so that the enemy could hear: "Peter, run quick to Joe Clarke's and tell him to bring up his light-horse at once, for the Tories are here!" The *plan* was a success: visions of Joe Clarke's dreaded scouts filled their terrified minds, and the Tories fled precipitately to the woods. But this experience sufficed for Mr. Bell. He sought a place of safety, and did not enter his own house for many months.

Mrs. Bell was a great favorite with the Whigs, and all were ready to do her any service. Accordingly, eight or ten young men usually came over at nightfall, after this assault, and guarded the house till morning. When the notorious Colonel Fanning was returning, the night after his horrible slaughter of the Whigs, up the Deep River, he rode up to the house of Mrs. Bell, followed by his whole bloody troop. The undaunted woman began at once, with loud voice, to give rapid commands, as if the building were full of armed men. She ordered them to the

windows, to take good aim, and not fire till each one was sure of his man. Fanning thought he had started a hornet's nest; he wheeled about and sped down the road at full gallop, closely pressed by the frightened troopers, who expected every moment to hear the bullets whistle about their ears.

Mrs. Bell's professional services had always been rendered gratuitously, and no deeper insult could have been inflicted upon her than to offer her money. But, as the war dragged wearily on, she found herself stripped of most of her property, and almost reduced to want. She then began to make small charges, and under this change more families felt willing to call upon her skill. In this way her practice became extensive, and she could be seen at all hours of day and night scouring the country on her fleet mare. The long course of civil war had wrought wild confusion in the State; the roads were badly broken up; the forests were infested with desperadoes and cut-throats; and nothing could be more unsafe than for a woman to trust herself unprotected far from home. But Mrs. Bell was needed, and therefore she went. No obstacles could stop her way, and no danger could daunt her resolute heart. Well mounted, and armed with dirk and pistols, and daring spirit and ready tact, she answered every call, and seemed to bear about with her a charmed life. She was often attacked on her lonely rides, but always came off conqueror. One day, as she galloped along the road on her errand of mercy, she saw a horseman coming slowly toward her. In a moment she was near enough to recognize his face as belonging to Steve Lewis, a notorious ruffian of Colonel Fanning's troopers, whose brutal deeds were the terror of the district. As she drew nigh he dismounted and stepped into the road. She attempted to pass, but the man seized her bridle and ordered her to get down. Quick as thought she drew her pistol and threatened to shoot him. Surprised by the suddenness of her movement, he could offer no resistance, and dared not stir. She turned about and ordered him to walk on ahead. She still covered him with her pistol, and in this manner she marched him to her own house, a prisoner of war. She never passed a stranger on these excursions without stopping him and demanding an account of himself. Few ever braved her determined spirit, and in this way she did the public a noble service. Acute, fearless, magnetic, she was a vigilance committee in herself.

After the return of peace this remarkable woman was blessed with prosperity and honors, and largely recovered her former fortunes. She lived to a ripe old age, seeing her sons become men of eminent usefulness, and the country for which she had suffered so much taking a proud place among the nations.

To the Rev. Dr. Caruthers we are indebted for many reminiscences of the heroic women of the Old North State; but no one of them all is more worthy of admiration, of gratitude, and of memory long and green, than Mrs. Martha Bell.

CHARLES H. WOODMAN.

## ENIGMAS OF JUSTICE.

PAUL FÉVAL, in one of his subtle and sensational romances, in which the intricate web woven by a "doctor in crime" is traced beneath an apparently simple tragic event, arraigns French justice and judges as too much absorbed in system and theory. The courts are the slaves of appearances; the "instruction" or preliminary examination of a crime moves in the narrow grooves to which it has been confined by tradition. The *motif* of Féval's remarkable novel, "*Le Dernier Vivant*," is to show how easily, under the French system, a masterly conjurer in crime can divert the eyes of justice from the real criminal.

Indeed, the history of English and American as well as of French justice is almost as notable for its miscarriages as for its triumphs. It is true that in these days justice seldom errs in hanging or imprisoning the wrong man. Such cases as that of Bourne, in Vermont, who was condemned to death for the murder of a man who opportunely turned up alive and well on the eve of the execution of his supposed assassin, are exceedingly rare. If justice arrests and tries an innocent person, the restrictions of the law are commonly sufficient to protect him by at least giving him the benefit of a doubt. The failures of justice more often consist in letting criminals free for want of evidence. Men of whose guilt the outer world have no moral doubt, escape by the inadmissibility of evidence which would convict them, by the fine-spun reasonings and artificial theories of crafty counsel, and sometimes, doubtless, by the pity, the excessive timidity, and even the prejudices or corruption of juries.

Justice is human, and therefore prone to err. It would be treating justice unjustly were we not to recognize the various, intricate, bewildering difficulties by which, especially in cases of grave crimes, it is surrounded. While insisting that justice should do a wise and thorough work, we must not forget that the struggle between the blind goddess with the even scales and crime is always an uneven one. Crime is dark, tortuous, and crafty. It often chooses its own ground. It has ample opportunity, before it strikes, for concealment and defense. It is easier to propound a puzzle of which you have the key than to guess it out. It is easier for a man to hide a utensil—a pistol or a knife—than for forty men to find it. Before a criminal is taken he knows that he is suspected; he is aware, to some degree at least, of the steps that are being taken for his detection. He is more watchful than the most skillful detective, for, if the detective is laboring to sustain a reputation, the criminal is defending life, or at least liberty.

So justice is almost always in presence of a puzzle, which criminal ingenuity, sharpened in proportion to the stake at issue, makes as complicated as possible. Almost every mysterious case of crime is to be solved by what is called "circumstantial evidence." That is, it is a crime which no eye except those of the criminal and his victim has seen committed, the guilt of which must be fastened

by inferences from the proof of surrounding and accusing circumstances. In such cases the liability of justice to err is almost indefinite; the prospect of certainty is more or less dim; experience shows that often accusing circumstances envelop and close around an innocent man.

Yet, the collection and array of circumstantial evidence have become, in process of time, a science. Not only authorities strictly technical and legal, but writers of learning outside the limits of the legal profession, have arranged and classified the methods of solving the commission of a crime and the identity of its perpetrator. Greatest, perhaps, among these was Jeremy Bentham, whose "*Rationale of Judicial Evidence*" is an admirable analysis of this species of proof. Those crimes which are committed "far from any human eye, ear, or dwelling-place, in the darkness of the night, in the solitude of the forest or the ocean, or in the misty recesses of the impenetrable past," must be discovered and brought home by the proof of a chain of facts, the conclusion from which is irresistible, a conclusion to which every discovered fact must point, and with which every such fact must be consistent. According to Bentham, every crime witnessed must include some or all of the following circumstances, and no others: They must be proved by reference to a disposition or character of the accused indicating a motive; to preparations for the crime; to opportunities to commit it; to instruments for the work; to the violation of some person or thing; to the possession of the fruits of the crime; to concealment of it; to fear of discovery; and, finally, to confessions made of its commission.

It is our purpose to narrate some of the more remarkable cases which have occupied the attention of justice, and wherein circumstantial evidence has been employed to secure conviction. Some show the errors into which justice may fall in following the path indicated by this kind of proof; others demonstrate the overwhelming force with which a single thread of circumstantial evidence sometimes crushes an accused person otherwise shielded, by his own cunning or by fortunate accidents, from the detection of his deed. Of the former sort was a case of mistaken identity which occurred many years ago in Paris. It may be here said that the failures of justice have often resulted from a fatal mistake in persons. An old woman kept a small shop in a square on the left side of the Seine. It was generally thought that she had hoarded considerable money in the course of her trade. She lived in a room back of the shop, quite alone; but she employed a boy, who lived in the fourth story of the building where the shop was. This boy kept the key of the shop, which he regularly locked every night. One morning the shop-door was observed to be open before the customary hour. The curious neighbors peered in; seeing nobody stirring, they finally penetrated to the old woman's bedroom. There they found her, lying dead in her bed. She had been stabbed several times, and a bloody knife lay on the floor in the shop. This knife, it was easily proved, belonged to the hired boy. Not only that: in one of the

dead woman's hands was clasped a lock of hair, and in the other a necktie. The necktie was fully proved to belong also to the boy; the hair, as far as could be judged, was exactly like his. It was found, moreover, that the front-door had not been broken open, but quietly unlocked. Now the boy, and he alone, as far as anybody knew, had a key which fitted the lock. On being arrested, this boy, when confronted with the proofs, confessed the crime. He suffered the penalty of death. Not long after, a boy who was employed in a neighboring shop fell ill. Being told that he was on his death-bed, he declared that he had murdered the old woman for her money. He had been in the habit of dressing the hair of the boy who was executed; had collected locks of it as he had opportunity; had put the hair and the cravat into the dead woman's hands; had taken a wax impression of the lock, and thus procured another key; and, having got possession of the other boy's knife, had with it inflicted the fatal wounds. In this case there seems, indeed, to have been a complete chain of circumstantial evidence, sufficient to identify the hired boy as the assassin. Motive was present in the boy's supposition that his mistress had hoarded money. Opportunity was present in the fact that he held the key of the shop. An instrument belonging to him, which had undoubtedly been used for the crime, was at hand. Yet justice was deluded, and the innocent suffered.

A very singular case of judicial error, in which there was a fabrication of evidence similar to that just described, occurred in England about a century ago. It was in the romantic but dangerous days of masked highwaymen, when many a moor and heath, and even many a high-road leading from English towns, was infested by these marauding gentry. A gentleman was traveling to Hull. Within a few miles of the town he was stopped by a man in a mask, and politely but firmly deprived of a bag of twenty guineas which he was carrying with him. Receiving no other injury from the encounter, he proceeded on his way, and in due time safely reached a cozy inn outside the town. He loitered in the kitchen while his supper was being prepared, and there related to a group of curious listeners the story of his adventure, adding that he had, for precaution's sake, taken care to put upon each several guinea a peculiar mark. Supper was soon ready, and he sat down to it with a relish. While he was satisfying his hunger, the landlord came in, and began to make rather eager inquiries about the robbery. On learning the facts, and especially that the guineas were marked, the landlord at once declared that he could give a clew to the robber. "I have a waiter, one John Jennings," said he, "who has latterly been very flush of money, and recklessly extravagant in his expenditures. This evening, about dusk, I sent him out to change a guinea for me. He has only just returned, and says he could not get it changed. On returning me the guinea I observed with surprise a mark upon it which was not upon that which I intrusted to him. I should have thought no more of it, however, had I not been told of the circumstance

of your robbery and your marked guinea-pieces. Unluckily, before hearing of it, I paid away the guinea to a man who lives at a distance."

The landlord had sent Jennings, who was drunk, off to bed. It was now agreed between him and his guest that the man's room should be searched. In his pocket was found a purse with exactly nineteen guineas, which the guest recognized as those of which he had been robbed. Jennings was, of course, arrested and accused of the crime. Denial was useless; every fact fitted to the charge against him. Tried at the Assizes, the jury found him guilty without leaving their seats, and he was executed.

Yet Jennings was as innocent of the robbery as a babe. A year had not elapsed before the landlord was arrested for a robbery committed on a guest at the inn. The proof in this case, at least, was too clear for doubt. The landlord was convicted and sentenced. While awaiting the doom of death, he confessed that he himself had committed the robbery for which Jennings had suffered. He had hurried home after getting the guineas, had heard soon after with alarm of the arrival of his victim. He had been forced to part with one of the guineas to pay a bill; so he invented the story of sending Jennings to get a guinea changed, and had availed himself of the man's intoxication to conceal the rest of the money in the poor fellow's pocket.

We doubt if there ever happened a more melancholy instance of what is termed "judicial murder" than the famous case of Eliza Fenning. The tragic history of that unhappy young woman, though well remembered by old Londoners, is probably forgotten, or at least but little known, in the United States. Eliza Fenning was a fair girl of twenty-two, of more than usual intelligence for one of her class, bright, coquettish, but well-disposed and amiable. The daughter of a poor couple who dwelt in High Holborn, on the very spot where Day & Martin's blacking establishment now stands, she was employed as cook in the family of a Mr. Turner, a law-stationer in Chancery Lane. That family consisted of the Turners, man and wife, two apprentices named Gadsden and King, Sarah Peer, a housemaid, and Eliza Fenning, the cook. One day the father of Mr. Turner went to his son's house to dinner, and Mrs. Turner ordered Eliza to make some yeast dumplings. When dinner-time came the three Turners sat down at table, and began to discuss the savory dish. The dumplings had scarcely been tasted, however, when all three were seized with sharp and agonizing pains. The dish was taken out into the kitchen, and there Gadsden, one of the apprentices, partook of it, and also fell violently ill. Eliza herself next ate of the dish, and was attacked by the same strange symptoms. The apprentice King and Sarah the maid, who had dined earlier, did not taste the dumplings, and were not ill.

The physician who was called declared the symptoms of the sufferers to be those of poisoning by arsenic. Then every component part of the dish of dumplings was examined. It was clear that the poison was

not in the sauce, of which the elder Turner had not partaken. Neither was it in the flour, for a pie-crust made of the same flour had been eaten by King and Peer with impunity. Some dough of which the dumplings were made was examined, and poison discovered therein. It appears that Turner used arsenic for killing rats, and was in the habit of leaving it carelessly in an open drawer.

Suspicion fell at once upon Eliza Fenning, and she was arrested and arraigned on a charge of attempting to poison the Turners. From the first she earnestly protested her innocence. It was proved that she and she alone had mixed and made the dumplings; the circumstantial evidence went to show that no one else could have had access to them until they were served upon the table. She had been in the kitchen all the time they were there, and most of the time alone. Here, then, was proved opportunity. It was shown that when the apprentice Gadsden was on the point of eating some of the dumplings, Eliza urged him not to do so, saying they were cold and heavy. It was in evidence that Eliza had not taken the poisoned food until she had observed its effect upon others, and it was thence inferred that she either took it to conceal her crime, or with a suicidal design. It moreover appeared that Eliza's statements about the matter were inconsistent, contradictory, and in some instances untrue. She declared that the poison must be in the milk and not in the dumplings. Now, the milk had been fetched by Sarah Peer. It was thence inferred that Eliza was trying to divert suspicion from herself to her fellow-servant. The analysis proved conclusively that the arsenic was in the dumplings and not in the milk. To further disprove the presumption of innocence raised by her eating herself of the poisoned food, it was shown that she had shortly before had a hearty meal off a beef-steak-pie, and therefore was not likely to have eaten the "cold and heavy" dumplings, as she described them to Gadsden, because she was hungry. Having tried in vain to persuade people that the poison was in the milk, she turned around and declared that it was in the yeast. The yeast was proved by analysis to be perfectly pure.

Here, then, was a group of important circumstantial elements. Opportunity was proved, so was an instrument (the arsenic) at hand in a drawer to which she had free access, and a desire betrayed to conceal the crime by diverting suspicion to another, and by telling untruths. Upon the evidence as we have sketched it, Eliza Fenning was convicted by the jury, and sentenced to death. The case, however, created so widespread an agitation in the public mind that justice hesitated to execute its fatal decree. The utter absence of a conceivable motive was a serious blow in the case. Why should this light-hearted, amiable young girl, whose worst-known fault was her coquetry with the apprentices, poison a whole family? The great Irish advocate Curran, then in the height of his fame, exclaimed in burning eloquence against the horrible cruelty of her fate. She was reprieved for three months, in

the hope that new evidence would transpire to save her. None was forthcoming. She was executed amid the greatest excitement throughout the metropolis; and on a warm July day she was borne, amid the sorrowing faces of ten thousand spectators, and her pall upheld by six young girls robed in white, from her humble home to the graveyard of the Foundling Hospital. One who lived amid those scenes wrote, long after: "Poor Eliza Fenning! So young, so fair, so innocent! Cut down even in thy morning, with all life's brightness only in its dawn! Little did it profit thee that a city mourned over thy early grave, and that the most eloquent of men did justice to thy memory!"

For more than half a century the guilt or innocence of Eliza Fenning was a disputed point. Then the confession of the real murderer came out, and her innocence was established beyond a doubt.

We need not emphasize the many examples in which the identity of an accused person has been mistaken by positive and honest witnesses. Those who are old enough to remember the trial of Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman will recall that several witnesses of the most perfect good faith swore very positively that they saw Dr. Parkman on Washington Street, in Boston, at three o'clock or thereabouts on Saturday afternoon, when it was proved, and appeared afterward by Webster's confession, that Dr. Parkman had ceased to live before noon of that day.

A singular case of mistaken identity occurred not very long ago at the Old Bailey Court in London. A young man was arraigned for a serious crime. It was alleged that the crime was committed on a certain day, which we will say was the 10th of March. A number of persons swore positively that the prisoner was the criminal, and a very strong web of evidence closed around him. The identity, at least, seemed fully proved. The prisoner, who defended his own case, did not cross-examine the prosecution witness; and, when the case against him was closed, he announced that he had no witnesses to call. He simply requested the judge to order the records of the court for the 10th of March (the day on which the crime was committed) to be produced. It then appeared that on that very day he was being tried at the Old Bailey for another offense, of which, by-the-way, he had been acquitted. This indisputable proof of a perfect *alibi*, of course, put an end to the case against him, and he was at once discharged.

The illustrations of the various phases of circumstantial evidence are, of course, almost numberless; and we can only select here and there one worthy of study for some peculiarity of incident or character, remarkable either for rarity or mystery. Two cases entirely dissimilar, yet both putting into bold relief the bearing of indirect evidence, merit brief narration. Motive to commit a crime, as has often been said, is difficult of measurement, since crimes have frequently been committed from what appear to the ordinary mind very inadequate motives. The murder of Madame Pauw in France, about ten years ago, shows, on the other hand, how a conspicuous and powerful motive, in the absence of other con-



clusive evidence, sometimes puts justice successfully upon the track of the criminal. Madame Pauw was a widow with three children, who had an intimate friend in the Count de la Pommerais. This titled personage was in need of money, and had a head for scheming. He planned a fraud upon eight insurance companies, and persuaded the poor widow to become his instrument in it. Her life was to be insured; she was then to feign dangerous illness; and, while lying apparently in a serious strait, the insurance companies were to be persuaded to change the life-policies into annuities. The count advanced the premiums; the policies were made out, *transferable by indorsement*. Madame Pauw was then induced to indorse them to him, and also to make a will in his favor. The next thing was for the widow to pretend to fall ill, which she did; but, instead of the policies being transformed into annuities, the poor lady died! It was a grave blunder of the count to tell the doctor, when he came in, that Madame Pauw had fallen down-stairs; for not only was this denied by abundant testimony, but the *post-mortem* examination betrayed the presence of poison as the cause of her death. At once thereafter the Count de la Pommerais came into the possession of the half-million francs which accrued under the policies and the will. Here occurred a singular incident in the trial. It is clear that, if the count had intended the fraud in earnest when he proposed it to Madame Pauw, and really designed to obtain for her an annuity by its means, thus securing to himself a life-income, he could have had no serious motive for killing her. And this was actually his defense against the charge of murder. He declared, and tried to prove, that he really meant to carry out the fraud, and that Madame Pauw's death was a catastrophe and an accident. Thus in trying to clear himself of the grave crime, he coolly confessed the lesser. But the proof contradictory of his case was too clear; he was convicted and duly executed.

It has been said that a very important link in the chain of circumstantial evidence is that of opportunity. To show want of opportunity, that is, an *alibi*, is an absolute answer to the strongest indictment, and produces a fatal flaw in the chain. Opportunity to commit the crime must be either proved outright or inferred by the most conclusive presumption. There never was a more striking case illustrative of this than that of the young Scottish girl Madeleine Smith, whose trial at Glasgow may easily be remembered by many readers. It may be said that the trial was one of the most interesting in British judicial annals. Madeleine Smith had engaged herself to a young Frenchman named L'Angelier. It was clearly proved that she had tired of him, and was anxious to disentangle herself from the connection. But L'Angelier clung to her, and refused to be rebuffed. There is no doubt that on several occasions, just previous to his visits, she had purchased poison; or that, always after these visits, he was seized with severe illness. On the 17th of March Madeleine returned to her house in Glasgow, after a brief visit to some friends. The next day she purchased some arsenic, "to kill rats

with," as she said. The arsenic bought, the next thing she did was to write to L'Angelier, inviting him to tea on the evening of the 19th. He happened to be out of town, and did not, therefore, get the note until it was too late to accept the invitation. She wrote again on the 21st, urging him to come the next evening, and saying: "I waited and waited for you, but you came not. I shall wait again to-morrow night, same time and arrangement." This note L'Angelier received. So far the proof was clear. It was also in evidence that he started from his lodgings in excellent health on the Sunday evening, and that he sauntered in the direction of Madeleine's house; this was at nine o'clock. Twenty minutes later, he called on a friend who lived but a short distance from her residence. Here the evidence utterly failed, and left a blank for four hours and a half. At two in the morning, L'Angelier was found at his own door, writhing and speechless; and in a few hours he was dead. The autopsy betrayed a large quantity of arsenic in his body. But, between twenty minutes past nine and two, no human being could depose to having laid eyes on him. Madeleine herself denied that she saw him at all that night; nor was the slightest proof forthcoming that she did. She was put on trial for the murder of L'Angelier; and, although her desire to get rid of him—that is, a motive; her purchase of arsenic—that is, possession of an instrument similar to that which was found to have been fatal; and her notes of invitation—that is, a fact from which a strong probability of a meeting between them that night was established—were fully proved, the absence of all proof of actual opportunity to commit the deed availed to save the prisoner's life. She said, in effect: "I was at my house, and can prove it; he was not there, for I defy you to prove it; therefore I have an *alibi*." The Scottish verdict of "not proven" set her free, but did not clear her of the stain of deep suspicion.

The story of the Danish pastor, Sören Qvist, is one of the most touchingly tragic in judicial records; and once more exemplifies Paul Féval's complaint that justice is sometimes too quick to seize upon appearances, and neglect the supposition of fabricated evidence. Sören was a clergyman of middle age, settled over a small, primitive parish in Jutland. Pure and irreproachable in character, genial, generous, and devout, he was cursed with a fiery and ungovernable temper; yet he was universally revered; and varied his pastoral cares, as is not infrequent in Scandinavian countries, by cultivating a modest farm. He had a daughter, gentle and comely. A farmer in a neighboring village, one Morten Bruns, well off but of bad reputation, sought this daughter in marriage, but was rejected both by her and by the pastor. Soon after a brother of his, Niels Bruns, entered the pastor's service as a farm-hand. Niels was lazy, imprudent, and quarrelsome, and frequent altercations occurred between him and his master. One day Sören found the man idling in the garden. A quarrel ensued, when the pastor, his hot temper getting the better of him, struck Niels several times with a spade, saying, "I will beat thee,

dog, until thou liest dead at my feet!" The man then jumped up and ran off into the woods, and was not seen again. The rejected suitor Morten, after his brother had thus mysteriously disappeared, boldly charged the pastor with the crime, and offered to produce convincing proofs of the fact. Sören was therefore arraigned, when the following evidence was arrayed against him. A man testified that, on the night after the quarrel, he saw the parson, in his green dressing-gown and white nightcap, digging hard in the garden. It was also proved that, search having been made in the garden, a body had been unearthed, undoubtedly that of Niels, with his clothes and ear-rings upon it. A servant-girl testified not only to having heard Sören repeatedly threaten to kill Niels, but to having seen the parson go out into the garden on the fatal night, in his green dressing-gown and nightcap. Still stronger evidence was produced to the effect that the parson had been seen, in his green dressing-gown and nightcap, carrying a heavy sack from the wood near by into the garden. The chain of evidence was apparently complete against Sören; and the poor parson now sealed his own fate by declaring that he believed he had killed Niels, though unconsciously. He stated that he was wont to walk in his sleep. He had found texts, written sermons, and visited his church while in a state of somnambulism. He must, therefore, have found the man dead in the wood while thus unconscious, and have buried him while in this condition. To be brief, Sören was found guilty and executed.

Twenty years after, Niels Bruns turned up again, alive and well, grown now old and gray. He recounted how his brother Morten (now dead) had concocted a plot to fasten the crime of murder on the pastor, in revenge for the rejection of his suit. A body had been disinterred and dressed in Niels's clothes; the dressing-gown and nightcap had been abstracted, used as we have seen, and replaced; Morten, dressed in them, had brought the corpse in the sack, and buried it in the garden; and then, his plot carried out, he had given Niels a purse and bid him begone, and not to return, or his life should answer for it. Niels had kept out of the way till Morten's death, and had now returned with this terrible tale.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

## EMPTY SPACES.

### II.

"TO jump from the modern to the ancient, how many 'old masters' have we in New York?"

"I do not know. Mr. Aspinwall has a beautiful Murillo, and, I dare say, there are 'well-authenticated old masters' elsewhere. Still, the old masters; and the copies I had seen in this country before I went to Europe, frightened me; for I disliked them so much that I feared that I was unable to appreciate them; but when I entered the National Gallery in London, and my first Raphael looked me in the face, I was relieved. I found that

I had not got to go and meet them, but that they would come and meet me. The great galleries at Florence reassured me, and, when going blindly into the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice, I stumbled upon Titian's great 'Assumption,' and stood

'. . . like a nun,  
Breathless with adoration !'

I was convinced that these great things could not be copied. Painting is a shy nymph, and she is true to her old loves. She will tell nobody what her early lovers told her; she guards the dear secrets of Titian, Raphael, and Correggio, with jealous silence. What they confided to her gentle bosom nobody shall find out. Especially does she guard her Correggio, sweetest, tenderest, most refined of lovers! His 'Madonna della Scodella' in Parma is so beautiful, so unapproachable, that you see with a sort of pity a man trying to copy it, as you see a child cry for the moon. Napoleon III. offered poor little Parma a million francs for that picture, and she refused to let it go. There is something very pathetic in the way a poor Italian city clings to her treasures."

"Mr. Stewart, I hear, has paid sixty thousand dollars in gold for Meissonier's last picture, the largest price ever paid for a contemporaneous picture."

"Ah, if you get me back into Mr. Stewart's gallery, I shall never get out of it. I linger over Zamacois's dwarfs of the court of Louis XIII., and I wonder at the quaint genius who could go back to that *bizarre* period and summon from the dust of the past those odd little distorted creatures. As a bit of color it is enormous. Then I like the slave on the carpet, another blaze of color by Fortuny; and I look up at Gérôme's great picture of the Roman amphitheatre, and wonder, if I had been a Roman empress, could I have turned up my thumb, that a man might die!"

"Of course you could. You women are all tyrants."

"Nonsense, Orestes! You are repeating yourself. Mr. John Wolfe has some superb pictures. He has Hasenclever's picture of himself, raising a glass of hock to his lips, for the dining-room, the very genius of hospitality and good living."

"And has he not a famous Bouguereau?"

"Yes. Nymphs surprising and overcoming a satyr, pushing him into the river. Formerly, satyrs always surprised nymphs. This is a tribute to the growing influence of woman. These women are so beautiful I think they would influence almost anybody; and he has Cabanel's 'Birth of Venus,' besides a hundred others, all interesting and all valuable, and *bric-à-brac* of the rarest—a pair of bellows from 'the sixteenth century, and from Venice,' and Majolica, brass-work—*cinque-cento* brass—rare and beautiful Venetian glass, exquisite specimens of Capo di Monte china—in fact, everything a collector loves."

"How much does it cost to become a collector?"

"I should say a 'million a minute and your expenses paid' would be a fair estimate."

"Where should you stop if you began collecting?" inquired Orestes.

"Well, I should indulge in laces, china (dear china!), engravings, *bric-à-brac*, until I ruined myself; then I should ruin myself over again on antique furniture; and then I think I would stop at bronzes; that shows what a well-regulated mind I have; for every one wants a John of Bologna, Mercury, and the *Rémoleur*, and several other antiques, besides one thousand modern bronzes."

"Yes. You show a great reticence. I should pity Rothschild if he had to pay for your collections."

"So should I; but, as I only draw on the bank of my imagination, my checks are always honored. Then I own all these beautiful things in the houses of my friends; no one house—not Lucretia Borgia's palace—could hold all my collections."

"No. You would need the Nubian Desert, or some of those 'empty spaces' from which the conversation appears to have wandered. While pretending to talk of empty spaces you have simply described to me spaces which were very full indeed."

"Well, I will give you an 'empty space' to console you. Oxford in vacation. Oh, how empty! We had driven in from a lovely English rectory—June roses by the bushel, strawberries by the hecatomb, fruit growing on the wall, peaches just beginning to blush, and a soft pink-and-white apple named 'Fair Rosamond.' Nothing can be so reckless as an English garden in its regulated luxuriance. So we drove in to the deserted, leamed city. Her men are off on a thousand hills, a thousand rivers, shooting, fishing, flirting; and we enter their deserted theatre, with its immense and well-suspended roof. Here came the young victor to claim his wreath; here mothers' eyes have moistened for many hundred years; here, after tasting one delightful moment, he has mingled in the dusty highway of duty, work, and disappointment. Then we go to the lonely Bodleian Library. One pale scholar, with his square cap, greets us, and shows us his treasures. Illuminated missals, brilliant as sunset, pictures rare and quaint—books, books, books. One little curious manuscript he shows us, a learned lady's literary knitting-work, a book written in half a dozen different hands, and as many languages, without blot or erasure. Ah, enviable calm! She lived, no doubt, in a still, English rectory, with a trim garden around her. She did not have to see Oxford in a day! Sunny hours of ease and quiet were her portion. Then we saw, in the lonely room, autographs, portraits, royal gifts, curious old folios—all the acquisition of learning through the troubled ages. No Cossack has watered his horses in the Isis. Oxford has never been invaded by a foreign foe."

"But it is empty; the Banqueting Hall, too, is an empty space. One lonely servitor shows us the gold and silver drinking-cups, presented by young princes who have kept their terms at Oxford. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, is the donor of a splendid gold cup. We prefer the antique vase, given by another Edward, royal and saintly child, who, dying at fifteen, left such a legacy of holiness to his people—Edward, beautiful and gentle boy,

his mother's rather than his father's child; Edward, born of sweet Jane Seymour."

"Then we wander into an empty space to see a stained-glass window, but presently a strain of music reaches us, an organ played divinely, and then the voice of a boy-soprano mounts heavenward like a lark. We are in an empty space no longer. Where music is there is no longer loneliness. It is Christ Church, and the boys are chanting the vesper service."

"We go and look at the empty boats on the sluggish river, and wonder how they would look with the crews in them. We wander in St. John's Garden, and breathe the delicious perfume of the lime-trees. Never could anything be more beautiful, more worthy of one's prolonged stay; yet we hurry back to smoky London, for it is the height of the season, and we must dine, go to balls, and crowd up dreadful staircases, and enjoy part of that vision which Sydney Smith said was paradise—a huge crowd, and the announcement, 'Mr. Sydney Smith is coming up-stairs.'"

"Is there anything left in London of the *salon* life, the parlor of Miss Berry, or the dinners at Holland House?"

"No; there is an 'empty space,' indeed. The man who gathered at his house—the nearest approach to that sort of thing—was our recent guest, Lord Houghton; but he said it had become almost impossible to hold a *salon* any longer, from the *size* of London. Mr. Motley, who knows everybody worth knowing, told me that one of his lady friends said her visiting-list had become *four thousand*, and she was swamped. It is a great drawback to the pleasure of a stranger in London that there is no recognized *salon* where he meets the artist, the literary men and women, and the men of *Punch*."

"Well, that is an 'empty space' everywhere. We need such a *salon* in New York very much. There seems to be no reason why we should not have one. A cup of tea and a macaroon would be entertainment enough—a bright light, a very competent, unselfish hostess, who would allow people to gather at her house every Thursday evening, and the thing is done; but it never happens."

"No, and never will. We are too capricious, too arrogant in our demands for brilliant and exciting amusements. We have a succession of entertainments that are so captivating that those who would make the *salon* agreeable could not often come. We have not that settled, recognized, unoccupied person of society known to the Old World."

"Here," said Orestes, "we have been talking of empty spaces and have not introduced a single ruin except your empty, ruined theatre at Parma."

"I know it, and the reason is that all the ruins I ever saw were so *populated*. My visit to Kenilworth—what a disappointment! There we drove silently through that insular atmosphere of England which calms, strengthens, and encourages you—an air good for animals, plants, and men, a fibre-giving atmosphere, which we have *not*. There were the very dog-roses in the hedgerows with which Titania crowns her dusky darling, and

here were the starry primroses. We were true to the influences of the hour, and thought of nothing but Scott and Shakespeare. But when we got to Kenilworth its empty space was full of people—there was a picnic in one corner, and crowds of tourists. I think ruins are too gay and crowded, as a rule."

"So, for loneliness, you would go to Fifth Avenue?"

"Sometimes one might be pathetic about the occasional loneliness of young, gay, prosperous Fifth Avenue; for, in spite of the hard times, she is all that. What an air of *bien-être* about her houses! what wealth of decoration within! what a goodly city New York would be to *sack*! I saw some plates and teacups yesterday—'twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat' to have such china to eat from; and a dining-room so beautiful, with its Eastlake sideboard and its delicately-decorated walls, with its pictures let into the niches and the air of taste which dominated the magnificence, that I took heart and hope for my country, and believed that the great gospel of good taste was being heard in the land."

"Was it an empty space?"

"No, indeed; four hundred well-dressed, gay, and agreeable people were gathered in its hospitable borders. You know that great tocsin of social reunion, the kettle-drum, has sounded, and at one, two, or three drum-beats a day do we assemble to try the inspiriting effects of English breakfast, souchong, or oolong."

"One indignant grocer has, I hear, uttered a protest; he says three-quarters of a pound of oolong goes all through New York society."

"Yes, the caterers ought to fail, only they have all retired on large fortunes—on the oysters of the past. But it is a curious freak of fashion, and a sensible one. All the world meets, chats, dresses, smiles, and separates between four and six every afternoon. It has its merits, this custom, for it allows one the evening for the theatre and opera; it allows one a chance for getting up some conversation for the dinner-party, and it gives one a long day at home for work, reading, or meditation—good works, or the reverse. It is society boiled down, after the compressive fashion of the age; but it has obliterated one charming form of entertaining—the evening party, beginning at eight and ending at eleven."

"Why does not some one give a kettle-drum in the evening?"

"I do not know—a want, perhaps, of 'empty spaces,' for evening parties take up a great deal of room."

M. E. W. S.

### THE ADVANTAGE OF EXPRESSION.

WHEN Talleyrand, or somebody else, declared that language was given us to conceal our thoughts, his aim was to be cynically witty. He did not think how near he struck the truth. The language that most of us get, somehow or other (it is a growth, not a gift), is so limited, so inadequate, so poor,

that even the best use we can make of it hides our thoughts by failing to express them either clearly or completely. And when, as very frequently happens, our thoughts are partial or undefined, our tongues do us so meagre service that, while we may talk much, it can hardly be considered that we say anything. Even in the republic, where the average mind is quicker, and the average intelligence higher, than in almost any other country, the number of persons who, outside of ordinary needs and desires, can convey their meaning with exactness or beauty, not to mention grace, is far smaller than we have any notion of. Many of those who flatter themselves that they are educated are totally without freedom or facility of expression, and go through life with an oral limp that does not mend with experience.

One may well ask, "What is the value of an education that does not teach the educated how to use their own language?" Failing of that, it is not only lamentably defective, it certainly falls short of what should be its primary purpose.

Very few of our American schools (and the same is true of the British schools) appear to think study of the English tongue of any particular consequence. True, they do not object to it; indeed, they make it generally one of the branches of the course, though, on the whole, it is treated rather as incidental than essential. In the public schools, mathematics is usually chosen as the standard by which to measure the capacity and progress of the pupil, and a very inaccurate, not to say false, standard it is for general capacity or progress. The boy or girl who shows a special aptitude for mathematics seldom has an aptitude for any study not of an abstract nature. He or she is apt to possess little imagination, slender appreciation of beauty, and marked indifference to harmony or form. By such a pupil, language is either disregarded or despised; the graces are neglected, and the personal amenities disesteemed. At the end of the year, he who can demonstrate with ease any theorem of Euclid, or who has parabolas or asymptotes at his fingers' ends, is likely to be ignorant of history and belles-lettres generally, and slow and awkward of speech.

In our colleges, as everybody knows, mathematics and Latin and Greek are held to be all-important, and everything else as nothing, or next to nothing. It is by no means uncommon for a youth to graduate with distinguished honors who could not, for his soul, compose a good letter or talk with ease on any subject he might be familiar with. What is the good of his knowledge (if he happen to have it) of calculus, of Greek roots, of the quantity of *Æschylus*, of the best passages of *Livy* and *Lucretius*, if he cannot use his native tongue to advantage? It were far better for him to have such use than to have his head stuffed with any quantity of unavailable lore.

This is a practical age. Young men do not earn their bread, nor rise to distinction, by repeating the odes of *Horace*, or by elucidating the binomial theorem. But the age is not so practical as to despise ease and grace of expression. Few of us think of the power and influence of nicely-cultured, care-

fully-disciplined speech. We are prone to believe, as is often said, that any language is good enough which enables us to make ourselves understood. It is good enough for barbarians, but extremely bad for enlightened people, as we claim to be, and really are. Language has a far higher purpose than mere intelligibility; and yet it is so poorly employed, as has been said, that even that end is often not attained.

Not only are the schools of our youth gravely at fault, but the wider, better, and more thorough school we enter when we begin our struggle with the actual world. The benefit of early training can scarcely be overestimated. What we are taught to respect and admire during that period, we are likely, later, to continue to respect and admire in increased degree. Ordinary education is merely a basis to build upon in after-life; and, when that is lacking, it behooves us to begin anew. It is plain enough that neither in the school of rudiments, nor in the school of experience, are we instructed in a proper and pleasant use of our mother-tongue. Having neglected it in the former, we should try to make amends in the latter. Doubtless we should, if we had any realizing sense of its practical importance; for this will appeal to thousands who cannot be moved by any æsthetic consideration whatever.

I have often heard men say, "I'm a business-man. I'm matter-of-fact. I don't pretend to talk well. It isn't my place. The people I deal with know what I'm talking about. That's quite enough. I've got something else to do than to dawdle over books to learn how to say pretty things. That'll do for scribblers and women."

Such men are innocent of nice discriminations. They perceive no difference between speaking English well and being literary. Literature as a profession is too exacting, precarious, and unremunerative, to be recommended. The last persons to counsel its adoption would be those who have made it a trade. But there is no more need that a man should be literary in order to use his own language justly than that he should be an actor before he can read understandingly and acceptably.

The first step toward the attainment of proper speech is careful attention to it. We must think not merely of what we want to say, but of how we are to say it. How very few of us that count ourselves educated bestow any thought on the matter! We take our English from the daily newspaper—oftener a warning than an example—and from those immediately about us. We reproduce their slovenliness, their slang, their faults. We read scarcely any books, and such as we do read are more for diversion than instruction. We are inclined to believe that what is instructive is invariably dull, when the really dull is that which only enables us to kill time. The latter may not appear at first, though it will ere long—just as soon, in truth, as our intellect is aroused. Good books and good companions, in respect to style and conversation, are the best teachers of mature pupils in the larger school of life. The careful attention mentioned will lead us to those, and, above all, will constitute us as



a watch upon ourselves. Continuation will form habit, and the habit will become fixed before we are well aware of the change we have undergone.

There is small danger of our waxing into prigs or pedants. The tendency of the time is so much in the opposite direction that any apprehension of the kind may safely be discarded. It is not priggish nor pedantic to stop saying, "These sort;" "Between you and I;" "Had not ought;" "If anybody wants it, let them take it;" "No one but what will do it," and dozens of other gross barbarisms which have mysteriously crept into the currency of speech. It is not priggish, though it is difficult, to have a correct and an elegant pronunciation; it is not pedantic to have some knowledge of the authors who are masters of the English tongue, the richest, grandest, and most flexible of all the tongues spoken by the nations of the earth.

No American has a right to say: "I don't pretend to talk well. It isn't my place." He ought not to pretend, it is true; but he ought to talk well, as far as in him lies, if he claims to be an intelligent or patriotic citizen of the United States. It is his place and his duty, at least, to try, and to keep trying. So much he owes to himself, his country, and the noble language he has inherited from his ancestors. As they who have gone before have done so much for him, he owes something to them; and he discharges a large part of the debt by reverence for the best and highest form of speech.

To use English well is a distinction, a rare and honorable one; and they who do not desire honorable distinction must be far below the average of humanity. Have you ever noticed, reader, how much you are struck, how favorably you are impressed, by persons whom you hear speaking as they ought to? There may be nothing remarkable in their speech, but the fact that its manner is good is in itself remarkable. Such use of language is so uncommon that it is almost as observable as if the language were foreign. In one sense, indeed, it is foreign—foreign, by its purity and fidelity, to the poor and corrupted stock in general circulation.

In the metropolis, certainly, English should generally be well spoken. Probably it is as well spoken as it is anywhere—better, I imagine, than anywhere else by the native citizens, taken in mass. Nevertheless, even here, it is constantly, outrageously, wellnigh deliberately, abused. The semi or entire deliberation is the worst feature, and this arises from the carelessness, the disregard, almost the contempt of choice or standard forms of expression. All reverence for the language is lacking or lost among the multitude, and can be restored most easily by the solicitude and zeal of the few. All examples are set; the largest influence is exercised by those few upon whom it is placed; therefore, a great responsibility. It is they who guard, so to say, the undefiled mountain-streams of language which flow into and form the rivers of popular speech. If they keep the streams pure, the rivers will be less and less impure, revealing deeper depths, and mirroring new beauties of environment. The choicest few who, though dead, yet live,

who are more alive than the living, are the great authors consecrated and embalmed by generations as the interpreters of Nature and humanity. To them it is always wise and good to go; for they bring us back to our deserted selves, and reërect our prostrated ideals.

Concerning the conspicuousness, the favorable impression received of those from whom we hear good English, familiar examples are not wanting. Often, in walking up Broadway, or down the avenue, have you not involuntarily caught the words of persons before or behind you; and merely because the words were well pronounced, or properly accented, have not the strangers—merely two or more of the vast street throng—been individualized and remembered? When they were talking out of the common—when they chanced to have some large or intellectual theme, instead of ordinary gossip, physical ailments, mention of trade, babble of politics—have you not felt such an interest in them that it required an effort of will, and all the obligations of good-breeding, to prevent you from following and listening to their further speech? Do you not regard, to-day, the faces of certain persons as in some sort friends, though they may be and probably are unconscious of your name and condition, simply from the fact that they have ideas, and know how to express them?

We need not be intellectual or cultured ourselves to feel an interest in and be drawn to people capable of employing the English tongue. It is the law of Nature that the lower seeks the higher, that the undeveloped tends to development. Frequently we like what we do not appreciate nor understand, owing to an instinct of advance, a yearning for amelioration, which sins against Nature alone can suppress.

In merely practical life, capacity for expression counts with an unsuspected value. With business-men time is everything. He who approaches them by letter or in person must be brief; and to be brief one must have formed a habit of selecting language, of understanding and applying terms. Unlettered merchants, uneducated millionaires, become prejudiced in favor of a clerk or an applicant for place, because he speaks pleasantly and gracefully, which few can do unless they have given considerable study to their native tongue. Affinity is often born of opposites, and culture always has the advantage of ignorance.

Any one who has command of his own language has a marked and ever-serviceable talent; has a conspicuous avail over one lacking such command. He has fuller confidence in himself, broader scope, larger power of persuasion, augmented strength of every kind.

Take a score of business-men, and the one who talks best, even though he have less ability than the others, will be most likely to succeed. By talking best is not meant talking most, for all well-regulated persons have a fear of a tonguey fellow, and early close their doors and their hearts against him. They think of him in the words of Swift: "No wild beast is more to be dreaded than the communicative man who has nothing to communicate."

The men who have gained a firm foothold on the ladder of prosperity by skill in speech, are not to be numbered. They are prominent in every department of life. They have won fortune in commercial, fame in intellectual, and position in social circles, since civilization dawned, and will to the end of time. He who is slow, inexact, or blundering, has no chance with them. Before he is fairly off, they have reached the goal, and are bearing away the prize he has just begun to contend for. Cleverness of expression is by no means the necessary indicator of ability or character, though it is so generally believed to be that it frequently wins where they, unaided by it, do not and cannot. It counts for all it is worth, and more, and, since it is held at a premium, he who reckons it at a discount is never likely to get it into his possession.

I have been told a story of the junior partner of a large importing firm down-town. Twenty-two years ago his father died in New England, and, though thought to be in comfortable circumstances, the estate, when settled, would not pay its liabilities. The young man was obliged to go to work at once. Having been well educated, but with reference to no particular calling, he came here, and looked for a situation in vain. Driven by poverty, he applied for a position on one of the street-cars—the resort of all desperate souls—and quite unexpectedly procured it. The president of the company told him, "I am pleased with your manner of speaking, and I give you the preference over a hundred applicants." While on the cars he was much liked, nearly everybody observing that his language was above his station.

One afternoon an elderly gentleman, while standing on the platform, made some inquiry of him. His amiable, well-worded reply brought on a conversation, with many questions concerning the conductor's antecedents. They were frankly answered, and the young man thought nothing more of the circumstance.

A month later he received a note, requesting him to call at No. —, Beaver Street. He called, and found the elderly gentleman, who informed him that he had been looking into his case, and had decided to offer him a clerkship, the salary to be fixed by the value of his services. The offer was most gratefully accepted; he gave entire satisfaction from the first, and, after frequent promotion, was admitted to partnership, which he still retains.

He ascribes his good fortune to his knowledge and careful use of his native tongue, which he had always cultivated.

It is not long since that a young man, well known in London literary circles, married a handsome heiress, much to the surprise of her friends, because she had had several wealthy suitors, and her husband, considering his calling, was almost necessarily poor. She had fallen in love with him, if rumor may be trusted, on account of his powers of conversation. This is not strange, for it has grown into a proverb that men lose their hearts through their eyes, and women through their ears. In the present instance, however, the heiress is not reputed, does not assume, to be

intellectual, or to care for culture. Still, she admired, and was drawn to what she had not herself; believing, perhaps, that, in the partnership of marriage, one member of the firm should make up the deficiency of the other. She possessed beauty and riches; he intellect and such reputation as comes from persistent and dexterous dabbling in ink.

This is not narrated as an example to be followed, but as an illustration of the practical benefit to be derived from a certain degree of lingual equipment. No doubt the husband of the heiress, had he been unwilling to have his individuality swallowed up in a fortune, might have availed himself of his nimble and oily tongue to talk himself out of the matrimonial meshes he saw gathering around him.

Think how potent must be the agency that can insure or avoid wedlock at pleasure, and still remain unharmed!

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

### MY MAPLE.

THAT maple yonder, which my father planted,  
The very year—he tells me—I was born :  
How many summers have their bounty granted  
To round its crest like Plenty's golden horn ?

Yet, prythee, Muse, withhold the challenged  
number

That, summing up the rings which clasp its  
bole,

Would also tell how long my life's poor lumber  
Has borne, too ill, the fruitage of a soul !

If it were twenty years alone, or double,  
I might not chide the telling of its growth ;  
For then life's harvest would not show its stub-  
ble,

Such bloom of promise spreads itself o'er  
both !

But in yon tree, despite its verdant roundness,  
I mark, alas ! the fringes of decline—  
Howe'er its sturdy limbs disclaim unsoundness,  
And they are only just as old as mine !

To-day I see it in its crimson glory,  
Its crown of rubies flashing far and wide ;  
And, much I doubt, it recks not of the story  
That lies beneath the dazzle of its pride.

Enough for me to know that, in like manner,  
As it is bearing to the windy war  
With conquering Fate its red, defiant banner,  
Life's winter holds me to its ruthless law !

So let me change, indulgent Muse, my question,  
Touching the maple in its robes of gold ;  
For human weakness, waiving the suggestion,  
That means no less than that I'm growing  
old !

And put it thus : since we have grown together,  
Have I to others yielded, like the tree,  
Beauty in sunshine and in stormy weather,  
Like its soft shelter, my sweet sympathy ?

And when, as it is willed, the tree so nourished,  
Falls to the cadence of my funeral-bell,  
Will my twinned life in God's dear eyes have  
flourished

As the mute maple's, in men's sight, so well ?

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

### EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Italian Parliament, now in session, lately marked its approbation of the government by a vote of confidence in the prime-minister. It is now five years since Victor Emmanuel took up his abode at the Quirinal, and the two sovereigns of Rome seem to have become habituated to a state of affairs which at the outset seemed far too antagonistic to last. The fact is, we suspect, that the holy father finds himself unexpectedly comfortable. A first-rate grievance is in itself admittedly a consoling possession, nor is this by any means the only one offered to the venerable pontiff. By the act passed in May, 1871, it was provided that, his person should be sacred and inviolable, as if he were emperor, and that sovereign honors should be accorded him. He has his private post and telegraph office, and is permitted to retain his guard, whose number is not restricted, and is to receive in perpetuity about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, besides retaining the Vatican and his villa. It is true that he has not drawn the money, but there it is accumulating for him. In any case, however, the offerings of the faithful to him whom they regard as the illustrious victim of a sacrilegious usurper, together with the immense legacies recently bequeathed by the ex-Emperor of Austria and the Duke of Modena, leave him in very snug circumstances. On this head a recent writer says :

"If mere wealth could prolong the days of an ailing octogenarian, Pope Pius IX. would have little reason to be apprehensive of his approaching end. Huge strong-boxes, laden with gold and precious stones, not unfrequently pass through the Italian custom-houses, on their way to the apostolic captive. The holy father has, the story goes, little cups or goblets on his writing-table before him, filled with unset gems of great value, out of which he occasionally takes little dribbles to give as presents to his most favorite attendants and visitors, making as free with the glittering baubles as if he were merely dispensing pinches of snuff. Well may he dispense with the three million two hundred thousand francs allowed him by the Italian nation in compliance with the law of papal guarantees, and well may he afford to refuse the additional four hundred thousand francs subsequently voted by the Italian Parliament to defray the expenses of the heads of religious orders. The pope is rich, enormously rich, richer than he ever was when he disposed of the revenue of his ill-governed state. And what becomes of the treasures which reach him from all the communities of Europe and America, of the 'sticks of solid gold, of the nuggets and purses full of doubloons,' which pilgrims from both hemispheres lay at his feet ? Why, whether the givers and receivers of all this wealth like it or not, the 'ungrateful populace' of what was once the papal city are none the worse for it. People find it natural that, 'if the Church is to be universal, it should be maintained at the expense of the whole Catholic world,' and that 'if its seat is to be in Rome, this city should come in for an ample share of its good things.'"

Then, besides all this, he still exercises the unique power of excommunicating and adding to the *index expurgatorius*, and to the latter has lately had the satisfaction of adding several works by Darwin and Mill.

But the keeping this amiable octogenarian, or rather his advisers, within bounds, has been but one of the difficulties which have beset the monarch whom M. Thiers has pronounced the ablest in Europe, and his ministers. Any one familiar with the history of the Austrian Empire knows that trouble has been entailed on it by a number of unsympathetic constituents. The Italian Government is in pretty much the same plight. It is said that Italian glossologists distinguish no less than eight families of dialects which are diffused into forty distinct forms of speech. This conveys a lively idea of the diversity of character and opinions likely to be rampant, and it is a curious fact in illustration of such diversities of language that they have produced, in the army, a camp dialect or military language common to many tongues.

Then another hard task has been to procure money. There was a crying need of doing work long neglected which demanded prompt action, and a terrible difficulty in raising the taxation adequate to meet the interest on considerable loans. The Italians, of the papal estates especially, accustomed to a *laissez-aller, laissez-faire* policy, had to be educated up to taxation, and the process was highly discouraging. To give an idea of it, we may state that the report of the Minister of Finance set down the whole amount upon which to levy income-tax two years ago at little over ninety million dollars, divided among six hundred and thirty-one thousand five hundred and eighty-two tax-payers, and it appeared that in all Italy only twelve hundred and sixty-seven lawyers had a taxable income—i. e., one of two hundred dollars—and that in five provinces there positively was not one whose income attained that sum ! Moreover, a report to the Minister of the Interior stated that, of sixty-one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven hotels and houses of entertainment, only five hundred and twenty yielded their proprietors more than four hundred dollars a year clear income. Of course it was necessary to remind many of the gentlemen who made such very modest returns that they must really look again very carefully at their books. Signor Sella was firm, and it is due to such firmness that the financial straits of his country are not to-day even greater. But it must be gratifying to Italians to reflect that, if their expenditure has increased, so has their trade. Both exports and imports showed an enormous increase between 1861 and 1872, and we may

rest assured that wealth is now being accumulated in Italy to an extent unknown for a very long period.

Then there has been very much arduous and energetic work done in another direction—the effort to suppress a thoroughly organized and most powerful system of brigandage and secret societies. Add to this the necessity of very wary conduct in the matter of foreign policy, and it must be admitted that the bed of an Italian premier is not altogether of roses. Cavour is said to have worked sixteen hours daily during the Austrian War, and we suspect that the labor of his successors has not been much less arduous.

RECENTLY the little semi-independent state of Servia has attracted no little share of the world's attention. The struggle in Herzegovina against the usurpation of Turkey, and the likelihood that Servia would be drawn into the contest, has been one cause of the wakened interest in that province. This war-cloud has naturally led to a study of the characteristics of the country, one result of which is the revelation to many of us that the Skupshtina, or Servian Parliament, is not unlike some of our Southern negro Legislatures, in being composed largely of wholly ignorant peasants, but with results very different from our unfortunate experience. The subjoined description of the Skupshtina, and of a recent election of the ruling prince, the facts of which we derive from French and German papers, will interest the reader:

The government of Servia is a very liberal one. The civil Legislature was modeled upon that of Austria; but the power of the prince is far from arbitrary, and the theories of modern constitutional government pervade the whole system. Yet, side by side with this advanced liberalism, there is a degree of primitive, almost archaic simplicity in the workings of the body politic, which produces a strange effect. The Skupshtina, which meets either at Belgrade or Kragujewatz, has no proper Parliament-house. It ordinarily holds its sessions in the high-school building at Belgrade, which was presented to the state by a wealthy and influential bacon-dealer of that city. A large majority of its members cannot read or write. Those who do possess these accomplishments are looked upon by their less fortunate colleagues with great respect, and exercise a commanding influence over them. When one of the unlettered members—who are peasants, mechanics, drovers, and small tradesmen—undertakes, as sometimes happens, to enlighten the assemblage concerning some subject about which he must, necessarily, be entirely ignorant, the consequences are as follows: A member of the "aristocracy of letters" rises and says to him: "Brother, this is a subject which you do not understand. So, sit down now, and keep quiet until some question shall come up with which you are more familiar." His "brother," fortunately, takes no offense at this admonition, but receives it in a truly fraternal spirit, and sits down without another word. Yet these illiterate legislators are, as a rule, men of sound, practical sense, as well as of respectable character; and,

taken throughout, their records will compare favorably with those of many law-makers in Europe and America who have had far greater advantages. As is the case with many of our own untutored but honest and worthy backwoods representatives, their natural good sense and their thoroughly pure intentions always prevent them from going very far in the wrong direction. Their earnest and persistent efforts to have schools established in every district of the country are alone sufficient to show what a solid basis of intelligence and sound judgment they really possess. The more cultivated members of the Skupshtina—chiefly merchants and professional men—comprise some individuals of fine talents and very fair attainments. And, as their influence over the majority is seldom exerted for a bad or really unpatriotic purpose, the two widely opposite elements in the Legislature work together with an ordinarily good effect.

On special occasions, such as the election of a new prince, an extraordinary session of the Skupshtina is convoked; and at such times the usual number of the members is increased to five hundred. This was done in 1868, when the present ruler, Milan Obrenowich, then only sixteen years of age, received the sovereignty, which was to be held in trust by a regency until he should arrive at manhood's estate. His predecessor, Prince Michael Obrenowich, who was his uncle, had been assassinated by some adherents of the faction which holds that the heirs of Czerny George, and not those of Milosh Obrenowich, should be the rulers of Servia. Popular fury against the brutal assassins had—as usually happens in such cases—tended to produce a general outburst of loyalty to the family of the murdered prince. The young Milan, who was being educated at Paris, was immediately called home by the almost unanimous voice of the people, to be invested with the supreme power. A prominent German journal has just published a detailed account, written by an eye-witness, of the proceedings at Belgrade on this occasion. This writer says that the five hundred delegates to the Skupshtina were supplied with tents, which they pitched in the Royal Park, next to those of the militia regiments, which had been called out for temporary service. These tents formed the quarters of the delegates during the whole time of their sojourn at Belgrade; and their pay throughout the same period amounted to about seventy-five cents a day. A huge wooden shed was erected in the park, close to their encampment, and was supplied with an ordinary table and a great number of plain, wooden benches. On the day of the inauguration, the delegates marched into this primitive hall of installation, and took their appointed places on the benches. Some were barefoot, while many wore sandals instead of shoes. Others had their shirts open in front, displaying their naked breasts. Nearly all were attired in the primitive Servian costume; though the president—a banker of Belgrade—as well as the ministers of state, and other high officials who were in attendance, were distinguished by the orthodox black dress-suit and white necktie. But what the mass of the Skupshtina lacked in style it made up in hearty, honest enthusiasm. The members greeted the name of Milan Obrenowich with loud shouts of applause, and voted for his elevation to the rulership with one voice. The young prince was then notified of his election, and he immediately entered the building, amid the wildest enthusiasm. His address to the assemblage was admirably frank and simple. He said: "Brothers, God save you! I am young yet; but I will learn to be a true leader of the Servians. I trust myself to you and the people." Then the worthy delegates sprang upon the benches, flung cap and fez high in the air, and roared in unison. When order had been

restored, a regency of three experienced ministers was appointed; after which the religious portion of the ceremonies took place, the whole Skupshtina joining in the hymn sung by the principal church official as he passed around with the cross. Then the prince kissed the hand of this clerical representative, cried to the assembly, "S bogem!" (With God!), and left the building amid another storm of shouts and cheers.

On the whole, what we know of the workings of constitutional government in Servia indicates that it is by no means a failure. Having so lately emerged from the depths of degradation entailed by Turkish slavery, the people yet retain some marks of that frightful tyranny. But that those who are still ignorant should be striving to obtain the blessings of education for their children; that they should, meanwhile, submit patiently to the leadership of the more cultivated; and that all classes should show a strong desire for complete unity and fraternity among those in their nation and race, are signs which give promise of the best and happiest results.

WE recently had occasion to decline to publish the manuscript of a story, on the ground of the improbability of the events therein narrated. We were promptly met by the author with the reply, offered as a triumphant rejoinder, that our exceptions were not well taken, inasmuch as the narrative was founded upon events of actual occurrence. It is a much too-common notion that if the events in a work of fiction are true—that is, of actual occurrence—all question of probability is a mistake of the critic, the facts establishing the absurdity of the captious doubts of the censor. Were it not that we are almost daily confronted with arguments of this character, we should have supposed it unnecessary to say that this is a wholly erroneous conception of the functions of art. The mere fact that an event has at some time or other occurred is no justification whatsoever for its employment in a work of imagination. *Seeming* improbability is just as fatal an error in a work of art as real improbability is. It is *truth*, not merely *fact*, that the literary artist is to deal with. Facts of actual occurrence may be so handled, may be so inartistically wedded to persons and places, may be worked out so illogically from the given premises, as not only to impress every reader as impossible, but be really untrue—distinctly possible in their actual occurrence, of course, but distinctly impossible under the conditions with which they are wrought out by the writer. A fairy-story may be quite true in its spirit, quite conceivable in its incidents, and a story of real life may be wholly untrue in spirit, wholly inconceivable, with every single incident verified by unimpeachable testimony. The difference between artistic truth and accidental fact should be understood by those who essay, either by pen or pencil, to produce pictures of life.

It is natural enough, of course, for the



story-writer to search for fresh characters and unfamiliar incidents. It is entirely proper, therefore, that he should ransack annals and records of all kinds in order to get a hint for a plot or a suggestion for a character. But whoever drags out of these records abnormal incidents, stories of irrational conduct, tragedies of unusual horror, must be thoroughly imbued with the art-spirit if he is to succeed in handling them successfully. The fact that they are exceptional and historical really endangers the writer, unless he fully comprehends that these conditions are of themselves, artistically considered, nothing—that, unless rendered probable and conceivable to his readers by his treatment, they are as practically untrue as if they had never happened. For our part, it seems to us scarcely the mission of the story-writer to deal with exceptional facts, but rather to portray the normal features of the period selected for his narrative. It is the anatomist's and not the artist's function to deal with abnormal or extraordinary phases of life or character. Painters should not and do not paint monsters because monsters have existed; the dramatist does not employ physical deformity as a means of exciting pity because the lame and the halt abound; and hence the novelist transcends his art if he delineates horrors or depicts phenomena simply because records exist of horrors and phenomena. But if for any adequate motive he does take up the strange and the exceptional, he must be sure that the incidents add to the charm of novelty the greater charm of likelihood. We know, for instance, that murders have been committed without any ascertainable motive; but a murder in a romance must come of wholly adequate motives, or the story will find no acceptance. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction, but strangeness, merely as such, has no proper place in art.

ONE of the most gracious rewards of successful authorship is the interest felt by his reader in the author's personal fortunes. He who attracts, amuses, or instructs, by his books, almost always becomes an object of personal attachment; and it is the quality of some authors to create a posthumous affection for them among generations that live long after they are dead. A great writer's works, in short, inspire a curiosity and interest in the man himself; sympathy and sorrow for his calamities, rejoicing at his prosperity. Who of us that have read the "Essays of Elia" are not touched to the heart by the story of poor Charles Lamb's terrible trials, his hard drudgery, his sweet-souled patience under it all? Who can read the tragedy of young Chatterton, "the wondrous boy, of a genius beyond all comparison, self-taught,

self-struggling, self-immolated," as Bulwer says of him, without a sharp pang of sadness? Who can follow Thackeray's toiling career, from slight and disappointment to slowly-dawning fame and wealth, without the keenest sympathy for the great, burly, generous soul? We rejoice even at Chaucer's successes in politics, follow intently Dante's public life, are heartily thankful that Walter Scott was made a baronet and Macaulay a peer. When we hear, therefore, that a favorite author is marked out for political distinction or public honor, there is always a sense of gratification, not unmingled, perhaps, with a feeling of self-esteem at having already appreciated him, such as is or ought to be felt for the advancement of a personal friend.

Some years ago we were charmed by the appearance of a romantic poem, rich in melody and interpreting with singular fidelity sentiments of the universal human heart; and, ever since "Lucille" was published, the name of "Owen Meredith" has been a familiar and honored one to many a household on both sides of the Atlantic. "Owen Meredith" was known to be a *nom de plume*; and it was some time before it transpired that the real name of the new and popular poet was Robert Bulwer Lytton. To those who had already been charmed under the spell of the great novelist, who, still living, had assured himself of literary immortality, there was a pleasure added to the discovery of the author of "Lucille" in the thought that he was the son and heir of the author of "Pelham" and "My Novel." Robert Lytton, indeed, came by right with literary genius; the child of Edward Bulwer Lytton and of Rosina Wheeler was naturally brilliant. The news comes that this inheritor of the greater Bulwer's title, wealth, and genius, is to assume the most magnificent office in the gift of his sovereign. Every one who is interested, not only in literary men, but in books at all, ought to be pleased to learn that Lord Lytton—whom we still like to call by his romantic name of "Owen Meredith"—has been appointed Governor-General of the vast empire of India, and to hope that he will win new laurels for the famous house of Bulwer, and for literature as a reservoir for statesmen. Both England and France have been more lavish in showering political honors on literary men than America; and experience has shown that this policy, in its practical results, has not been unwise. Disraeli and Bulwer Lytton in the one country, and Thiers and Guizot in the other, are shining examples of this; and we need go back less than a century to find Goethe administering the affairs of Weimar with a firm hand and a vigorous, fertile, and by no means visionary mind.

DURING the recent floods in England, the complaint went up from the metropolis of—

"Water, water everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink!"

We are told that during the entire period of the autumn floods the water delivered by the companies which take their supply from the Thames was, according to a high official authority, wholly unfit for domestic consumption unless carefully and scientifically filtered. It seems that the Thames's water passes through the filter-beds of the companies before delivery, but, notwithstanding this, it remained unfit for use unless subjected to a more thorough scientific filtration, while some consider it doubtful whether any amount or kind of filtration could have rendered it wholesome. This condition of affairs causes a London journal to declare it fortunate for the health of the people that they are not given to water-drinking. It is quite extraordinary that one of the best-governed cities in the world, one that has done more than any other to secure celerity and ease of transit, one which in hundreds of things stops at no cost in its efforts to promote the comfort and convenience of its citizens, should in the matter of water-supply be so far behind inferior American cities. Perhaps it is because Americans are persistent water-drinkers that we are so far in advance of all European cities in our means of supply. It is certain that, long before the Croton River was tapped, a public sentiment in New York demanded the construction of adequate facilities for bringing into the city an abundance of pure water, and this when cisterns and pumps were far more efficient in affording a good supply of the necessary fluid than anything that now exists in London. If it is true that the Croton is an outcome of the national fondness for water as a beverage, we have more to thank this popular instinct for than had been supposed.

The condition of the water-supply in London is obviously one of the most urgent things for the temperance-folk there to remedy. The efforts of this class to teach working-people that water is the best beverage must wholly fall to the ground so long as there is no water at hand for them to drink, or so long as it is publicly conceded that the health of the community has been rendered possible solely by the common proclivity for beer.

WE have heard of elderly philanthropic gentlemen, with large fortunes and no near relatives, the chief perplexity of whose later years was to know to what really good object they would devote their riches. Not long ago a Frenchman, who had made a large fortune, left a will devoting the whole of it to the state. He had spent a long time in look-

ing about among the various channels of charity, and could find none to satisfy at once his conscience and his judgment. Some were too finical, some too sectarian; in some the officials ate up too much of the revenues; some encouraged idleness and dependence; and, humanely disposed as this old Frenchman was, he knew nobody whom he could rely upon as the faithful trustee of his charitable intentions. He, therefore, left his money to the state, in the hope that it might in some slight degree lessen the taxation of the poor for at least a year.

We wonder if the idea advanced by Lord Derby at Edinburgh ever occurred to him—to constitute a fund to maintain one or more men of science in a life of experiment and discovery? It is well known that men endowed with original capacity and real zeal for science are not often men desirous of either making money or of achieving a reputation. Their souls are absorbed in their science. Too frequently they are poor men who, with this zeal and attraction for science, are yet forced to abandon it, or only labor at it fitfully, from the need of earning a living by some quicker and surer process. This is a direction in which the thoughts of the charitable rich have not turned much yet; still it is worth considering. He who should succeed in making one or two really zealous and inspired men of science free from cares of bread-getting, in giving such men provision for leisure, and devotion to "the double duty of advancing and of diffusing science," would do more, very possibly, for the ultimate greatest good to the greatest number than the founders of hospitals, charity-schools, and suburban chapels. The difficulty in the way of this is to find the rare men who are truly inspired, not only with the spirit of science, but with a consciousness of the need the world has of the benefits of the most minute and far-reaching researches. They are as hard to discover as it is for an heiress to come upon a disinterested suitor. Yet the philanthropist may add to his generous pecuniary intentions patient endeavor to seek out the proper recipients of his bounty; and it is highly probable that his search would not be in vain.

### Books and Authors.

THE reader will find a great deal more in Mr. James Jackson Jarves's "A Glimpse at the Art of Japan" (New York: Hurd & Houghton) than its title implies. He will find much sound discussion on the elementary principles of art in general, upon the development of the art-faculties, and the characteristics of different periods and schools, together with sketches of the history, religion, habits and customs, and modes of thought, of

the Japanese people. For, while Mr. Jarves refuses to follow M. Taine in regarding physical and social conditions and antecedents as *causes*, he fully recognizes the profound modifying influence which they exercise, and the consequent necessity of contemplating art, not as an isolated phenomenon, but in its proper correlation with all the other forms of expression by which individual or national character manifests itself.

At the same time his book is essentially what it professes to be, a brief look, *for the reader*, at Japanese art, concerning which he frankly declares beforehand that he is an enthusiast. He regards it as little less than marvelous that a nation of nearly forty million of semi-barbarous heathens—as our school-books have taught us to view the Japanese—could have attained to such a degree of taste and skill as to make its prolific art possible at all, and thinks there is all the more need for us promptly to inform ourselves of the character and history of the art in question, because it is rapidly losing its original traits, and is even in danger of extinction, gradual if not immediate. "The same fatal decadence into mechanical uniformity and poverty of ideas and invention which European commerce has wrought in the art of China, now threatens that of Japan, only its power of resistance is greater. The true artistic instinct still lingers, and indeed Japan yet remains (1872) the sole country in which it retains much of its pristine vigor. For a while longer, the Japanese may represent a stage of civilization, once universal, which took more delight in delicious ornament than in prosaic utility and comfort." As to the distinguishing features of this art, he observes that, "though every one is struck with its more obvious qualities of brilliant color and consummate finish, but few persons at first glance adequately appreciate its diversified, subtle harmonies of tints and designs, its exquisite delicacy of sentiment and execution, and its wonderful facility of invention and expression." Their types and ideals are wholly different from our own; they have no such predilection for the human figure as European art has shown; they know nothing of anatomy as a science; and of architecture, in its noblest condition, they are equally ignorant. "Indeed, painting, sculpture, and architecture, in their supreme significance—the *fine arts*, with the human soul and form as their fundamental motives, and human excellence or spiritual loveliness as their distinctive aims in expression—are not found in the æsthetic constitution of the Japanese." Yet, keeping this fact in sight, we can profitably study what they have done:

"Whenever their rule departs from ours, the result seems to justify it. Within their own scope they display a *finer* art of its kind than we have ever imagined, based on a keener sense and delight in Nature apart from man himself as the chief object of art. They do make an objective use of man, but with a different appreciation from ours. Having no passion for plastic beauty, they cannot replace the Greeks, but they give what these did not care to bestow. In many important respects, Japanese art is a fitting and pleasurable supplement to the European. Far narrower in range, unscientific in our meaning, less profound in motives, unambitious in its

aims, less fettered by technical rule or transitory fashions, it is more subtle, intense, varied, free, and truthfully artistic in decorative expression; more abounding in unexpectedness and delicious surprises, in æsthetic coquetties and charms of æsthetic speech, intelligible to every degree of culture. Its good things never grow stale, or seem monotonous and conventional. They are a *spiritual* rendering of the realisms and naturalisms of the daily life, intercourse with Nature, and imaginings of a lively, impressionable race, in the full tide of an instinctive, passionate craving for art, while yet in the infancy of its religious faiths and material civilization."

Another characteristic of Japanese art, pertaining more directly to its practical, decorative features, is its finish:

"The mechanical finish of an article is complete and thorough in every part, not excelled in scientific exactness, and seldom equaled in ingenuity of construction, and what we may call a dexterous application of utilitarian properties, by the best workmanship of Europe. Quite independent of their æsthetic skill, they have a nicety of mechanical touch guided by an almost infallible eye, and a practical knowledge of their constructive material, that puts all our hard, monotonous, unsympathetic machine-work to the blush, in those very qualities on which it most prides itself. The human hand trained to highest skill must of necessity put some of its moving feeling into its work, and which immediately manifests itself to even a careless eye, when seen in company with the tame accuracy and meaningless forms and finish of that done by steam-labor alone. Even in our very best and most costly works, it is seldom that equal attention is given both to the æsthetic features and to the mechanical construction. One is quite certain to be sacrificed to the other, and thus the finish, as a unity, is incomplete. Our Japanese artisan deems a well-balanced perfection in each requisite to completeness as a whole."

Mr. Jarves fortifies and illustrates his argument with descriptions of the religious statues and idols of the Japanese, their architecture, their sketch-books and albums, their screens and fans, their paintings, drawings, bronzes, pottery, and lacquer-work. There are also thirty characteristic illustrations reproduced from native picture-books and albums.

THOSE who fancy that they find signs of decadence in "Fifine at the Fair," "Aristophanes's Apology," and the rest of Browning's later work, will certainly be confirmed in their opinion by "The Inn Album" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.). Were it not that Browning is one of the least likely of men to be influenced by a petty motive, one would be tempted to think that the book was the product of a perverse determination to defy his critics by exaggerating those features of his work for which he has been most criticised, and leaving them with hardly any support from those compensating elements which confuse and sometimes win the judgment, even when they fail to satisfy the taste. Whatever may be thought of the form of Browning's poems, they have hitherto, at least, not been deficient in what the bard himself calls "weighty sense;" but in "The Inn Album" the art-motive and the literary expression are alike obscure, while the story which it relates is of the kind we commonly encounter in police-court reports. The

story, indeed, is a thoroughly disagreeable one—in which lust takes the place of love, in which friendship is travestied, and which ends in a tragedy without being in the least degree tragical. For Browning takes no pains to elevate it above its natural level. His aim, as usual, is simply to analyze the mental processes of the participants in it; and it happens in this case that of the two chief participants one is a villain and the other a fool, while the victim-heroine is of such pinchbeck stuff, or so inadequately drawn, that our indignation against her betrayer is of a general rather than a special character, and her violent death awakens a feeling of relief instead of pity. In short, the book is open to the charge of introducing us to evil company without providing us at the same time with any sufficient antidote against the consequent corruption of good manners.

As to the style, while it is less redundant, less discursive, and perhaps less ambiguous, than in some of Browning's other poems, it is even more rugged and inelegant. Reading it gives the mind a sensation similar to that which a brisk ride over a corduroy road gives the body. We feel jaded when it is finished, and perhaps a trifle indignant that the compensations were so few. Fancy three or four thousand lines like the following, which are by no means the worst, though happening to be of quotable dimensions:

"I saw my wonder of a woman—laugh,  
I'm past that—in Commemoration-week.  
A plenty have I seen since, fair and foul,  
With eyes, too, helped by your sagacious wink;  
But one to match that marvel—no least trace,  
Least touch of kinship and community!  
The end was—I did somehow state the fact,  
Did, with no matter what imperfect words,  
One way or other give to understand  
That woman, soul and body were her slave  
Would she but take, but try them—any test  
Of will, and some poor test of power beside:  
So did the strings within my brain grow tense  
And capable of . . . hang similitudes!  
She answered kindly but beyond appeal.  
'No sort of hope for me, who came too late.  
She was another's. Love went—mine to her,  
Hers just as loyalty to some one else.'  
Of course, I might expect it! Nature's law—  
Given the peerless woman, certainly  
Somewhere shall be the peerless man to match!"

Even of those "jewels five words long," in which Browning has hitherto been prolific, there are singularly few in the present work; though here is a sentiment most true, and most beautifully expressed:

"I think  
Womanliness means only motherhood;  
All love begins and ends there—roams enough,  
But, having run the circle, rests at home."

ONE would as soon take exception to the multiplication-table as to a book like Mr. Samuel Smiles's "Thrift" (New York: Harper & Brothers). It is as full of truisms as a Blue-book of figures, and probably contains no single suggestion in which the reader would not cordially acquiesce. Criticism upon it, if any there be, comes from a different direction. Of course, the book has no literary pretensions, its aim being the purely practical one of inducing poor people to practise thrift; and the question which it offers for consideration is whether it is adapted to the accomplishment of this object. And here Mr. Smiles is his own best critic.

As he observes in his opening chapter. "Economy is not a natural instinct, but the growth of experience, example, and forethought. It is also the result of education and intelligence. It is only when men become wise and thoughtful that they become frugal. Hence, the best means of making men and women provident is to make them wise." Those who, by intelligence and experience, have become "wise" will doubtless find themselves fortified in their wisdom by a perusal of Mr. Smiles's book; but those who are not "wise" are likely neither to see it nor to derive benefit from it if they should see it. Its function, in short, seems to be the somewhat superfluous one of offering spectacles to the blind and crutches to those who are sound.

Merely on the literary side, however, the book is something of an achievement. We doubt if any other writer ever succeeded in saying the same thing over and over again in a greater variety of forms. There are sixteen chapters, and quite an imposing array of topics in the contents; but the entire volume consists simply of three or four propositions shown continuously in new aspects and with different illustrations drawn from history, biography, and statistics.

MR. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT'S "George Washington" forms one in his series of "American Pioneers and Patriots" (New York: Dodd & Mead), but it is a great improvement on the volumes previously issued. It spite of occasional slovenliness in the style and the commonplace vein of moralizing which runs through it, it is an animated and picturesque narrative, fairly accurate in its statements, and fortified with many valuable illustrative notes from Sparks, Irving, the American archives, colonial records, and some comparatively little known works, which show that the author has had access to good and rare material. The book is just the thing to put in the hands of boys at this time, when the career and achievements of the Father of his Country have a special interest; though it must be confessed that Mr. Abbott's tone is too sentimental to be entirely wholesome. No doubt war is bad, and bloodshed is bad, and suffering in all forms is bad; but youth should be taught that there are some things which are worth suffering for, and fighting for, and dying for, if need be, and that nothing is more enfeebling to the mind than to fix the attention upon the woful process rather than on the beneficent result. That Washington was unable to refrain from shedding tears when he saw his helpless soldiers butchered by the Hessians is an endearing trait in his character; but we do not find him moaning and sighing, as Mr. Abbott does, over every announcement of a skirmish and every burning of a barn.

The book is full of typographical errors; there is apparently something missing between chapters three and four; and the illustrations are poor.

MR. HENRY C. PEDDER'S essay on "Religion and Progress" (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) is liberal in tone, eloquent in expression, and shows considerable acquaintance

with the literature of the subject; but it can hardly be said to contribute anything material to the settlement of the issues involved in the supposed conflict between Religion and Science. The mutual concession and conciliation which he advocates might do much to disguise the issues, or even to postpone them for a time; but the true difficulty is, that neither side will accept his estimate of what points are and are not vital, and the temper of the time is opposed to that cloaking of difficulties and smoothing off of angles which characterized the period when men lay in what Professor Huxley calls "the sleepy hollow of broad indifferentism." Nor, in fact, beyond a general desire to have peace, does Mr. Pedder himself make clear what his own solution of the problem is. He attacks Professor Tyn-dall for his Belfast address, and yet at times seems to go beyond him in relegating religion to the "sphere of the emotions." He accepts Dean Mansel's idea of the "separate and independent provinces of Reason and Faith," yet a little further on we find him declaring that "we are compelled to seek some antecedent condition of faith from which reason proceeds, and with which it is bound, in the long-run, to harmonize its discoveries." The fault of the essay, indeed, is its logical inconsistencies, its lack of that clearness which is so essential in a discussion of this kind, and its disposition (doubtless unconscious) to evade momentous issues by enveloping them in a cloud of eloquent phrases. Mr. Pedder presents a model of the temper and taste with which the controversy should be conducted, but we are afraid his well-meant compromises would be rejected by both the contestants whose rival claims he tries to reconcile.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us from London as follows: "Tom Taylor's 'Anne Boleyn' is to be produced at the Haymarket next month. Respecting this play there is a story which aptly illustrates the singular nearness of probabilities, and the possibility also of men, having identically the same work in hand, laboring hard to bring it to a successful issue, as an original undertaking, only to be disappointed at the *finis* by finding that there is nothing original in the whole idea—because your neighbor in the street has been working with you step by step, piece by piece, in exactly the same direction. There is a gentleman in London who writes under the pseudonym of 'W. S. Raleigh.' This Mr. Raleigh has produced a spirited and scholarly historical drama in five acts, whereof the precise title is, 'Cardinal Wolsey, and the Loves of the Poets.' The heroine—the principal personage, in fact, in the play—is *Anne Boleyn*. While the play was in manuscript, Tom Taylor, and later on Miss Neilson, were consulted upon the merits of the piece—the latter with the view of seeing what she thought of the character of *Anne* for the stage. Lo and behold! Tom Taylor was 'dishing up' the same historical facts as are presented in Mr. Raleigh's for presentation to the same lady who had already accepted a principal morsel from Mr. Tom Taylor's feast. And, curiously enough, the play of Mr. Raleigh has lain under the paper-weight of Mr. Taylor for two months, without the latter having the remotest conception that the work of a rival workman, on precisely the same subject, was at his elbow. The captious may say, 'But there was only one set of facts to write from.' True; but the chances were very remote that two men, one



an experienced author, the other very little known, should both select the same heroine for a play, and both offer the character to the same *artiste*. It will be curious to note what points of comparison there may be between the scenes and characters in the rival plays. To cap the singularity of this story, a month ago out came 'A Crown for Love' (*Anne Boleyn* the heroine and principal character again) at the Gaiety Theatre, written by a Miss Aylmer Blake, who knew absolutely nothing either of Mr. Tom Taylor's or Mr. Raleigh's production, or intended production, till Mr. Jenkins wrote to the papers on the subject.—The great Mr. Jenkins, by whom is intended the immortal author of 'Ginx's Baby,' has his much talked-of 'Devil's Chain' in the press, and by the time this reaches you it will be issued. The author has divided the subject of his book—which treats of temperance, or, perhaps, it would be more proper to say, of drunkenness—into ten different heads, each representative of a distinct phase of the liquor-traffic and its abundant evils. The language, very suggestive, by-the-way, of Mr. Jenkins's manner generally, is more free than polite, and some of the scenes which the author describes are of the most sensational and even repulsive character. The subject, however, is one not to be dealt with by a polite pen, and Mr. Jenkins's energetic manner of thinking, writing, and talking generally, would seem to amply qualify him for the authorship of a spirit-stirring book."

A LONDON correspondent of the *Tribune*, in the course of a very just and generous estimate of Mr. Ruskin's later productions, says: "His letters, having at first to the casual reader a willful, wayward sound, are to the thoughtful and attentive one profoundly direct and penetrating. They are radical in the extreme, but his radicalism is of a constructive sort, consisting in the planting of roots rather than in the laying of his axe at the roots of hoary trees. There is, moreover, in the letters a delight for every one who rejoices in vigorous and sweet prose; the passages of his own life are told with charming frankness and with a revelation of spirit which goes far toward explaining the whole attitude of the man, while his criticism upon conventional religious education is refreshing to all who know how assuredly religion itself is served and its beauty discovered by the utter demolition of all the lean-tos of commerce and selfishness that cluster about its walls. . . . The writings contained in 'Fors Clavigera' can hardly fail to have helped in the ordering of some lives. Their indignation is against wrong, injustice, and dishonor; their cry is for honest work, clean living, and noble admiration."

AN occasional correspondent writes: "Some of our contemporaries, in commenting on the now-explored story of Shelley's death by being run down by robbers, state that of all the poet's friends, including Lord Byron, Leigh Hunt, Captain Trelawny, and Captain Schenley, who was present when his body was cremated, only the latter survives. This is a mistake, as my acquaintance Trelawny is living, and in very vigorous health for a person who is upward of fourscore. He resides near London, and was one of the few remaining acquaintances of Byron who were present at the memorial meeting held last summer in London, over which Mr. Disraeli presided. Trelawny is the author of a volume of 'Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Lord Byron,' published in London, and reissued in this country in 1838, of which work a critic said in the *Athenæum*: 'One word for Byron, two words for Shelley, and ten for Trelawny—will probably be the compendious criticism of some readers on closing this book.'—J. G. W."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Academy* furnishes the following graceful translation of one of Heine's lyrics, the twenty-second in the "Lyrisches Intermezzo":

- "If little flowers knew it,  
The sorrow on my heart,  
Their tears with mine would rue it,  
And less would be the smart.
- "If nightingales could know it,  
My trouble and my grief,  
They would sing me to undo it  
A musical relief.
- "The golden stars and tender,  
If they could know my pain,  
Would step from out their splendor  
To bring me peace again.
- "They know it by no token;  
One only knows—and she  
Herself it is has broken  
And torn my heart for me."

A BOOK has been discovered which will give light upon the birth of chemistry in Egypt, and perhaps throw the labors of Paracelsus far into the shade. It is called "Papyrus Ebers, the Hermetic Book of the Medicines of the Ancient Egyptians." It is said to throw great light on the manners and customs of Egypt, to be full of erudite learning, and to contain some facts which even modern chemists will be none the worse for knowing.

## The Arts.

HARDLY any branch of manufacture applied to the furnishing of houses has been more successfully revived of late years than that of brass articles. From the days of Tubal Cain, who, as we read in the fourth chapter of Genesis, was "the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," down to the days of Louis XIII. of France—when it was used, perhaps, most profusely—brass has entered very largely into household furniture, until our own day, when the general use of gas-furnaces, and other modern inventions for producing light and heat, led to a certain neglect of the metal, until quite recently.

In every old-fashioned household in this country, chests of drawers with brass handles and locks are familiar to us, and the fender and fire-dogs occupy a place in the memory of childhood of nearly every person now of middle age. The door-knob, kept scrupulously bright, and brass candlesticks on the kitchen-dresser or in bedrooms, long survived in the country the introduction into city houses of porcelain, glass, or plated substitutes. But these simple articles within the past twenty-five years have virtually disappeared; and it is only recently, with the revival of household art—Queen Anne's furniture and Eastlake forms—that the more elaborately-decorated brass-ware, found in old palaces and museums in Europe, has become familiar to us here.

At Tiffany's, among the different collections of glass, porcelain, gold, silver, jewelry, and fancy articles, brass articles occupy a conspicuous division, where French, Belgian, and American workmen display their skill and their wares. Among the most interesting works are the Louis Treize reproductions of filigree, which consist of brass clocks, inkstands, and brass candlesticks, some of them hammered out from the inside

into faces, griffins, or arabesque patterns, while others are run in sand-moulds, and afterward polished and finished by the chisel or the hammer. The clocks are as fine almost as lace in their delicate tracery of open-work metal, and their bright surface would be the despair of any housekeeper unprovided with a cohort of servants. To relieve the necessity for the weekly polishing of so many fine leaves, flowers, or nice scroll patterns, whose irregular markings would defy anybody but the laborious Chinaman to clear of their blackness, a slight lacquer of varnish is passed over these brass articles, when a strong heat has opened the pores of the metal, and by this process the brightness and purity of the surface are preserved indefinitely, though for those who prefer a dim and old appearance this process is omitted.

Besides these French reproductions of olden time, the Japanese bronzes, with the peculiar decorations that appertain to them, have been largely copied in modern brass and bronze. Among the most beautiful and costly works of art of this kind at Tiffany's are a couple of statuettes of women with Japanese faces, and their fine drapery, arranged in classic folds, is ornamented with lizards, peacocks, and flowers, such as fill the outline of Japanese vases, and are woven into their silk and satin goods. Two or three incense-burners, that belonged to the Empress of France, are so perfectly duplicated in a gold-hued bronze similar to the originals, that some visitors from the far Orient could barely be persuaded not to do reverence before these modern Western imitations of what they worshipped at home.

The head of such a house as Tiffany's has great power for promoting the advance of skilled industry among his countrymen, and this opportunity Mr. Tiffany, as much as any man in the United States, has sought to improve. Taking his leading artisans from educated English, French, and Germans, he unites with them Americans of intelligence, till, as we were told by the foreign head of one of the departments, their invention and skill equal, if they do not surpass, those of the foreign artisans employed. Nowhere is their skill more conspicuous than in the department of brass, and a sconce for two candles was shown us that was made in this country, and was as elaborate and nicely labored as any modern work we remember to have seen. The back of the sconce consisted of a large brass disk, that was hammered from behind into delicately-modeled heads, arabesques, and other forms. The marks of the hammer most conspicuously appeared in a long band of delicate fretwork, where thousands of blows had been required to bring the smooth surface of the metal to a beautiful and even condition.

Among the more elaborate and costly ornaments at this establishment are two large vases of red bronze, embossed with classical designs. One wide section of the vase consists of a procession of men and animals bearing the products of the earth, in bass-relief. Below them in turn, trees of conventionalized grace serve as supports for masks which depend from their branches. These masks, which were used for scarecrows by the

Greeks, are fit supplements to the idea of the harvesting which the procession had set forth, and they in their turn are succeeded by beautiful and graceful classical arabesques. These vases are made upon moulds, and are designed by an artist of distinction, Le Villain, and from his design the vases are afterward cast of the metal. For the perfect development of the design, when the metal has cooled and the plaster-cast been removed from the interior of the vase, the metal-work—in this case cast by Barbedienne, the most famous man in France in his specialty—is polished and out, and the figures are perfectly wrought, till they have the richest surface and most artistic finish. In this fine bronze the mould is broken for every copy made, and in the reproduction of another vase a separate and new cast must be employed.

MR. S. J. GUY has upon his easel a full-size picture of a scene at twilight. In an open field against the fading yellow light of a pale sky, a young mother is sitting holding her sleeping baby on her knees. The little one lies heavy and warm in her lap, his small body slightly settled down from its weight, and his naked, tender feet crossed one above the other. Under the mother's arm, and nestling close against her, is another child, whose face outlines dark against the light background. The woman's hands are crossed before her, and her young face is wrapped in prayer or profound meditation. This combination of form is seen in some of Jules Breton's pictures, and weak, unreal, sentimental paintings of similar scenes exist by Englishmen. In Breton's paintings not the refinement of the people but their realistic strength makes the value of his work, while in English pictures an excessive sentiment strives to make up deficiencies in the positive qualities of the paintings.

Mr. Guy's painting is like neither the one nor the other. Here is a woman as distinctively American as Evangeline or Maud Muller, but her fine head—a portrait of a New York lady, by-the-way—is modeled with the care of Jules Breton, and the hands across her lap, firm and rich in contour, are the capable, strong hands one often sees in this country. With small joints and delicate nails, they are detailed with charming feeling and appreciation. Perhaps the most beautiful point in the picture are the small, tender feet of the sleeping baby. Here is no clap-trap and no mechanical experiment involved. Many of our readers will recall the lovely infants in Bouguereau's "Twins," and will remember their little forms so soft it would seem as if nobody but a mother could have conceived of them as so tender and so helpless. These little feet, "as snow-drops innocent," in Mr. Guy's painting exhibit the same exquisite sentiment, and gazing on the smooth, pink heels, it seems as if an artist, to know them so well, must often have held the moist, warm feet of his own child in his hands. The little soft flesh above the toes is also painted with great truth of expression; so soft and velvety that it seems the paint must be able to indent with the slightest touch.

MR. A. F. BELLOWES has nearly completed a large and important water-color landscape of a New England country village. It represents many of the characteristic features of this phase of a life which street-cars, pavements, and blocks of stores, are rapidly displacing. A country-village street here appears broad, and with its dusty roadway dappled by the shade of wide-spreading elm-trees, whose roots form knots and irregularities in a footpath raised above the level for the main road. On the side of this footpath a

low stone-wall, formed of the round boulders that abound in every patch of land, separates the yards of the village squires from the public highway. And over lilac-hedges and Missouri currant-bushes the gable ends of the houses of the village repose in the summer sunlight. A little eminence leads to the white, wooden meeting-house, with its small, square tower and its spire that holds the town-clock; and beyond the meeting-house a line of small shops supply groceries, calico, and tinware, to the inhabitants. Far down the road in the distance loom pale-blue hills, and distant meadows show the farms of the town. Here, in the village street rolling along, comes a jaunty, covered wagon, with its gay span of horses, bringing into town some rich family from their country-house, and farther along jogs a countryman driving his heavy team. A one-horse chaise is pulled up by the door of the meeting-house, while its inmate stoops forward to chaffer with a neighbor. A couple of yoked oxen in a cart, and small knots of villagers reading their papers or gossiping with friends, make up the human element of this simple phase of life. All of us are acquainted at Stockbridge, at Barrington, at Long Meadow, at Ipswich, and dozens of other places, with such spots as these, that are as tranquil and nearly as soft a landscape as England affords. But railways are disturbing their quiet beauty, and, before their dignified and peaceful character has departed, it is pleasant to see it perpetuated in such pictures as this one. Mr. Bellows has treated it charmingly, and has lent the soft colors of his palette to the tender beauty of the sunshine and the elm-trees.

MR. WILLIAM PAGE, who has been busy during the winter painting several portraits, is now engaged upon a three-quarters length of President Eliot, of Harvard College. The picture is taken in the president's black gown of office, which is banded in front with satin and velvet, and is well adapted to show his unusual height and stately carriage. Mr. Page has made a likeness which all will appreciate who know the fine-cut features of Mr. Eliot, and he has admirably reproduced his mobile mouth and nose, and the firm placing of the jaw, and the clear, critical expression of his eyes. We think the friends of President Eliot made a wise selection when they gave Mr. Page this commission, for any visitor to Memorial Hall, in Cambridge, must be impressed with the presence in it of such portraits as those of President Quincy and Colonel Shaw, who will go down to posterity looking like real and important personages, delineated as they were by Mr. Page. Other artists make beautiful, picturesque, or agreeable likenesses, as it may be, but, collected with those of other painters, Mr. Page's people hold their own place for dignity and vitality. Page's likeness of Moulton, of Governor Fenton, Colonel Shaw, and many others that are familiar to the New York public, make us glad that so handsome and distinguished a man as the President of Harvard College is to have such an artist perpetuate his image to posterity. We wish it were possible, before it is too late, that Longfellow's picturesque and refined head, and Lowell's, with its fine color and expression, might be delineated by the same hand, and hang side by side with the likenesses of Colonel Shaw, President Quincy, and President Eliot, in Memorial Hall, fit companions for Copley's and Stuart's portraits and the works of other of the best of the American painters.

THE annual winter exhibition of the Boston Art Club was opened on the 13th inst. It comprised fewer foreign and more native works than usual. The loaned pictures comprised works of Colman, Verboeckhoven (whose pictures are very much affected by Boston connoisseurs), Hubner, Martinetti, Le Jeune, Merle, Musin,

Vedder, Vertuni, Waller, and some others. Some of the pictures exhibited by Boston artists have already been spoken of in the JOURNAL as having been displayed at the artists' reception some weeks ago. Among the more striking new pieces are several by Inness, one a very fine scene at Etretat, Normandy, which exhibit all his power as a masterly colorist; and there are smaller landscapes of his, one representing a group of Italian pines, and another a smiling Massachusetts rural scene. Hunt has a characteristically bold and rough landscape sketch; and beside this hangs a Bierstadt, a California cañon, which is certainly very far from being in the artist's happiest style. "A Venetian Sunrise," hazy, golden, and highly imaginative, is George L. Brown's contribution. There are portraits by Hunt and the young Ohio artist, Duverneck, whose portraits were so highly esteemed last year. Edgar Parker sends a charming cabinet picture of a blond demoiselle; and some of Langerfeldt's water-colors are very attractive for their finish and fidelity. Bellows is represented by only a single picture, "The Village Road." This is so good as to make one regret that he has nothing else to display. Among the contributions by women artists are Miss Becket's "By the Brookside," soft, quiet, gentle, and thoroughly feminine in treatment, and showing rather the promise than maturity in skillful coloring; Mrs. Darrah's marine landscapes, one of them quite spirited; and Miss Booth's vivid representation of "January"—a January very unlike the example immediately before us. Young Longfellow shows some progress in landscape-painting; and De Blois has a pleasing French "Twilight." Among the attractions are several fine charcoal views by Key.

THE *Athenaeum* describes some of the sculptures now in hand by Mr. Woolver. One is an heroic statue of Lord Palmerston soon to be erected on Parliament Square, Westminster. A second is the seated figure of John Stuart Mill, designed for the Northern Thames Embankment. "The design of this new figure is complete, and may be said to represent the philosopher in his study during an animated discussion, bareheaded, wearing a long, loose coat and slippers, while leaning slightly forward in his chair, and looking outward earnestly, with all the ultra-sensitive manner, or rather nervous tension, and almost passionate desire to convince by argument, which characterized him." Mr. Woolver has also in hand a figure of Lady Godiva at the very moment of unrobing; her last garment has just been released with one hand, when, at a momentary alarm, she instinctively draws part of the robe back again over her limbs. An eager agony of listening appears in her upraised face, which, at the same time, shows a still unshaken resolve to perform the act that is to work so much good for others. With the Lady Godiva may be classed a design representing Nausicaa approaching the spring where Ulysses lay after the wreck of his ship on the coast of Alcinous's kingdom. She is stepping gracefully forward, her kirtle lightly and briskly rustling about her feet as she goes; she holds a pitcher. The memorial bust of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, by this sculptor, which is to be placed in Westminster Abbey, is far advanced.

### From Abroad.

PARIS, January 4, 1876.

THE play of "Tour du Monde" having come to an end at last, certain curious details respecting its origin have been made public. It appears that it was written several years ago by MM. Verne and Cadol, and then bore the title of

"A Journey to the Two Poles." Under that form it was offered to the manager of the Ambigu, and refused by him on account of the costliness of the necessary *mise en scène*. Several other directors refused the piece, and finally it was intrusted to M. de Najac when he went to America in order to bring about some arrangement by which American managers were to purchase French plays before they had been produced on the Parisian boards. But, our theatrical directors having declined to enter into any such arrangement, M. de Najac returned home in a very bad humor, and plentifully supplied with notes respecting our manners, customs, habits, etc., which notes afterward served Sardou as the basis for his "Oncle Sam." The "Journey to the Two Poles" was brought back unsold. Meanwhile, Jules Verne wrote and published his "Journey round the World in Eighty Days;" the collaborators set to work and rewrote the piece, and it was again offered to the Parisian managers, this time with somewhat better success, for the director of the Porte St.-Martin agreed to receive it if M. d'Ennery would undertake to write it up. The dramatist consented, and a year ago last November the piece was brought out, with what results we all know. The receipts of the Porte St.-Martin during the period of the long and triumphant career of the "Tour du Monde" amounted to over four hundred thousand dollars. Of this twelve per cent. go to the authors, as follows: M. d'Ennery gets twenty-eight thousand, M. Verne ten thousand, and M. Cadol ten thousand dollars.

Pray note the supreme justice of this compensation, which gives to the man who touched up the play nearly three times as much as the amount paid to either of its real authors.

I have just learned from a private but authentic source some interesting details respecting Mademoiselle de Reszké, the young and beautiful prima donna of the Grand Opéra, the rising star of whom it is said that Strakosch offered her one hundred thousand dollars if she would cancel her engagement with M. Halanzier and sign one for three years with him. She is, it appears, a member of a noble Polish family residing in Warsaw. From her earliest years she manifested a passion for music; she devoted herself to its study; and, when she was seventeen years old, she announced her intention of studying for the opera. All remonstrance and opposition from her parents were in vain. "If you forbid me to become a singer, I will obey you," she said, "but you will ruin my life!" Finally she announced her determination of entering a convent should her parents persist in their opposition to her adopting her chosen career. Finding that the young girl's will was inflexible, and preferring to keep their daughter with them as a prima donna rather than to part with her wholly as a nun, the father and mother finally yielded, and six months ago Mademoiselle de Reszké made her *début* at the Grand Opéra in the rôle of *Ophelia*. Her success was immediate and incontestable, and, in fact, she has been hailed as the only rising star in that galaxy of waning luminaries, the company of the Grand Opéra. Owing to her birth, her beauty, her unspotted reputation, and her rapidly-increasing fame, all the fashionable *salons* of Paris have been thrown open to her, but she refuses to mingle with society, cares nothing for amusements, and is wholly and solely absorbed in the pursuit of her art. She is an indefatigable student, and is never discouraged or distressed by adverse criticism, but takes it, on the contrary, as a valuable indication for future improvement. "If the critics say that I failed in such or such a passage," she is wont to say, "there must be something wrong, and I will try to set it right." Thereupon she shuts herself up with the music of the part in question, repeating,

studying, and practising, till she is satisfied that the defect is corrected. To possess such energy, determination, and sound common-sense as well, in addition to beauty, vocal endowments, youth, and health, is, I think, to be assured of a brilliant artistic future. Mademoiselle de Reszké is just nineteen; she is tall and graceful, with the loveliest arms and shoulders imaginable; her features are mobile and *piquante*, her eyes are large and dark, while her profuse tresses, or, at least, their stage presentment, are of a golden-blond hue. Her voice is a clear, powerful, resonant soprano. Such is a sketch of the probable prima donna of the future, the possible successor to Nilsson and to Patti on the world's operatic throne. And, before I leave the subject of the Grand Opéra, I must mention a rumor which has gained currency within the last few days—namely, that Faure is going to leave that institution next April. He has been offered fabulous terms, it is said, by an Italian manager for a three years' engagement, and has finally decided to accept them.

One of the papers maliciously published, the other day, a list of imaginary New-Year's presents to be offered to the leading actresses of Paris, some of which were quite appropriate and amusing. Thus, to thin and shadowy Sarah Bernhardt was to be offered the extra flesh of stout Dumaine; to Croizette, a love-ditty from the manager of the Comédie Française; to charming but *passée* Antonine, a volume entitled "Souvenirs;" to pert and pretty Jeanne Samary, two farthings' worth of modesty; to fat and vulgar Gueymard, a compliment from a Normandy farmer; to Léonide Leblanc, the *chère amie* of the elderly Duke d'Aumale, a work on royal ruins, etc.

A young actress is shortly to make her *début* at the Théâtre des Variétés, who, but for adverse circumstances, might have claimed kindred, at least, by the marriage of an ancestress, with Napoleon III. This young girl is no other than the great-granddaughter of Mademoiselle Montansier, the foundress of the Théâtre des Variétés itself. Now, when Barras was at the height of his power, he took quite an interest in the fortunes of a young and rising officer who was called Napoleon Bonaparte, and he was anxious to negotiate for him a wealthy marriage. He fixed his choice on Mademoiselle Montansier as a suitable spouse for his young *protégé*, and gave a supper at which the parties were introduced to each other as a preliminary to future negotiations. But the affair fell through from a lack of mutual attractiveness on the part of the chosen pair. Mademoiselle Montansier was then sixty years of age and Napoleon was twenty-five; *he* thought the lady too old, while the lively actress, on her part, was anything but pleased with the gloomy, brusque, sallow young soldier who was presented to her as her possible future husband. Thus the negotiations came to naught, and Mademoiselle Montansier lost the chance of becoming an empress. Her young descendant, who is to make her *début* in a few days, is just seventeen years old.

Jules Claretie continues, in the *Événement*, his series of articles on Alsace and Lorraine. His wanderings have at last brought him to Saarbrück, where the first skirmish of the Franco-Prussian War took place, where the sole gleam of success vouchsafed to the French arms shone upon them, and where the prince imperial received his "baptism of fire;" also, I suppose, the spot consecrated by the tears of those soldiers who "wept at seeing him so calm." M. Claretie thus discourses:

"The distance from Sarreguemines to Saarbrück is not long. Saarbrück! I know no name that sounds more ironical to-day. It recalls a fortunate skirmish which the official organs tried to magnify into a great victory without suspecting that, in announcing, as they did, that 'Saar-

brück was but a heap of ashes,' they gave to the enemy the pretext to say, when they burned Strasburg and Bazelles, that they were only imitating our own proceedings."

"Saarbrück! That was the first passage of arms, the first and the solitary smile of the campaign. We paid dearly, four days later, for that military reconnaissance. The city is large, animated, seized with that fever of constructions and buildings that has carried away Berlin. Everywhere are to be seen masons and scaffolds. At St. Johann a whole new quarter is in process of construction. It is indeed the new German city, with its wide streets and lofty edifices, that bear, so to speak, an American stamp. It was hard to find, beside the church, some of the old structures where our soldiers were for a moment encamped. Their camp-fires, if I recollect rightly, blackened here and there the exterior walls. Such was the only damage that we did to Saarbrück."

"We waited for a carriage to take us to Spichern. We were shown, at the Hôtel du Cerf, the room where the French soldiers were taken prisoners while at table. They had advanced, for a joke, by parties of five and six, into the heart of Saarbrück, still occupied by the Germans, and they had wagered that they would each drink there a pot of beer. That wager cost them their liberty."

"The upward slope is steep on going from Saarbrück to Spichern and Forbach. Arrived at the crest of the heights, we paused. Saarbrück appeared at our feet, with its roofs and its steeples. The turf is worn, the roads are dusty. A tavern which I recognize rises at the left—'Zum Bellevue.' It was there that the prisoners captured on the 2d of August were shut up. A little farther on extends, all trampled by horses' hoofs, the wide plateau whence the emperor and the prince imperial watched the course of the combat while the mitrailleuses were growling."

"A row of trees—aspens or poplars—forms on the side toward the city a sort of curtain or shield. Two of these trees, completely killed by the curious, deprived of their bark, marked with cuts, hacked, scored with traces of penknives, dead, rise like two corpses, one on either side of a stone post, in which has been set a brass plate, held in place by four nails, and bearing, in Roman letters, the following inscription in relief:

"'LULU'S ERSTES DÉBUT. 2. AUGUST 1870.'"

"'Loulou's first *début*, August 2, 1870.' Loulou is the sarcastic name which they have bestowed upon the son of Louis Napoleon. It was there that the prince imperial stood and watched the French troops firing upon the Prussian soldiers, after the Germans, who were but few in number, had been dislodged from the field of battle. It was there that he picked up that famous bullet which his courtiers swelled to make it in his hands as vast as the globe of the world."

"The Germans have avenged themselves, heavily, as they do all things, by raising this mocking monument as a souvenir of the *début* of Loulou, and the collectors, the tourists, the eternal visitors to the places where these tragedies have been performed, have chopped up the trees that sheltered the child who here took his first step toward exile, and have chipped the stone erected by coarse Germanic pleasantries."

"When he, Napoleon III., was there on horseback, looking before him at the cornfields scarcely two steps away, and farther off, at the foot of the heights, at the town with the green-and-red houses of Saarbrück, and at that river, and farther still at those sombre forests, may he not have said to himself, amid the snapping of the musketry, 'Now, all this is mine?'"

"The post that marked the German frontier lay already overthrown behind him on the route. 'A few hours later, four days only, and to the skirmish of Saarbrück succeeds the defeat of Forbach. Never again, save as a prisoner, was Napoleon III. to set foot on German soil!'"

One of the republican papers has been malicious enough to publish the genealogy of Louis XV., and to prove from authentic documents that the direct line of the great house of Bourbon owes its existence on the maternal side to a simple notary. It is unnecessary to copy the whole document *in extenso*; suffice it, therefore, to say that the notary aforesaid, one Laurent Babou, was the ancestor of La Belle Gabrielle (Gabrielle d'Estrées), the mistress of Henri IV., from



whose illegitimate son by the king, César Duc de Vendôme, was descended in direct line the Princess Marie Adélaïde, of Savoy, wife of Louis Duc de Bourgogne, and mother of Louis XV. Through what unhallowed and plebeian channels has the haughty Bourbon blood not crept? No wonder that the most Bourbon of them all, her most Catholic majesty, Isabella of Spain, is such an untamable and scandalous personage, if the theories propounded by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "Guardian Angel" should be correct. Her ladyship, by-the-way, has been unusually quiet of late, having been laid up with that very unroyal and undignified malady, the measles. But, after all, I believe that Queen Isabella is *not* descended from Louis XV., but from Louis XIV., so that my theory falls to the ground.

The holiday season that has just closed has proved an unusually brilliant and successful one for the shopkeepers of Paris, and for the keepers of the little temporary booths on the boulevards as well. To give some idea of the magnitude of the Parisian trade in *étrennes*, we may state that one great confectionery establishment sold, during the last two weeks of the year, over sixteen thousand boxes of bonbons. The large shop of Boissier, the most celebrated of the confectioners on the boulevards, was fairly turned into a wilderness by New-Year's night, every sugarpum, ornamental box, *bonbonnière*, and toy in his establishment having vanished. A curious exemplification of the care wherewith the Parisians utilize everything is shown in the fact that the small bits and crumbs that break off from the delicious sugared chestnuts (the *marrons glacés à la vanille*, that are so universally popular) are collected and sold to poor children in small tin measures, at the rate of a cent a measure. The fragments of broken chocolate images are also retailed at ten cents a pound.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## Science, Invention, Discovery.

### CLIMBING PLANTS.

NO phenomenon pertaining to the vegetable kingdom furnishes a more attractive theme for inquiry and research than that which is illustrated by the movements and habits of climbing plants. No one who has observed these movements attentively can have failed to be impressed with the conviction that they seem to fall but little short of the so-called conscious actions. The eager reaching forward of the frail tendrils, its searching circuit around the parent-stem, and when at last the sought-for support is found the determined nature of its grasp, or, failing of its purpose, its final withering away and death, all these seem to point toward a conscious will as the motive behind the act. In spite, however, of these signs of intelligence, there are none, even among the more advanced or radical of modern students, who venture to class these actions with those prompted by a will-power akin to that exercised by the animal. The subject is yet one which is regarded as of special interest, and has given rise to extended discussion and inquiry. Darwin, whose name is coupled with so many and diverse orders of natural research, has made it the theme of a special work, and a revised edition of his volume on "The Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants" is now before us. Without attempting any extended review of this attractive

volume, we will be content to direct the reader's attention to a few of the more interesting of the facts therein presented.

The writer was prompted to enter upon these observations "by an interesting but short paper by Professor Asa Gray," published as early as 1858. This communication was, however, preceded by others, one of which dates back to 1827.

Climbing plants, we learn, may be divided into four classes: First, those which climb spirally round a support, and are not aided by any other movement; secondly, those endowed with irritable organs, which, when they touch any object, grasp it—such organs consisting of modified leaves, branches, or flower-peduncles; thirdly, those which ascend by hooks; and a fourth class whose ascent is aided by rootlets.

To the habits of these first two classes attention is chiefly directed, the hook and root climbers receiving but brief mention. The first fact to be established as to the habits of the twining plants relates to the nature of the revolution of the shoot or internode, and the time consumed in its accomplishment. As an instance, when the shoot of a hop rises from the ground the two or three first-formed joints or internodes are straight and remain stationary, but the next-formed, while very young, may be seen to bend to one side, and to travel slowly round toward all points of the compass, moving, like the hands of a watch, with the sun. By this means the vine, when planted at the base of a pole, ascends it in the familiar spiral fashion so often noticed; and it was with a view of determining with exactness the time taken to accomplish these revolutions that continued observations were made. Without giving the record of these observations in full, the result was that, during active growth, the hop makes one revolution, during hot weather and in the daytime, in two hours and eight minutes. It should, however, be observed that this spiral growth of twiners is only when they are supported by a central column, and this column or pole must be limited in its diameter. There are also instances on record where the twining movement is reversed. Of one of these, the *Hibbertia dentata*, the author states that he has observed its long and flexible shoots, evidently well fitted for turning, make a whole or a half or quarter circle in one direction and then in an opposite direction.

Leaf-climbers are defined as plants which climb by the aid of spontaneously revolving and sensitive petioles. Prominent among these is the well-known clematis, and the action of its leaves is thus described, this description being rendered the more plain by the accompanying illustration:

In the *Clematis glandulosa* the young leaves spontaneously and gradually change their position; when first developed the petioles are upturned and parallel to the stem; they then slowly bend downward, remaining for a short time at right angles to the stem, and then become so much arched downward that the blade of the leaf points to the ground with its tip curled inward, so that the whole petiole and leaf together form a hook. They are thus enabled to catch hold of any twig

with which they may be brought into contact by the revolving movements of the internodes. If this does not happen, they retain their hooked shape for a considerable time,

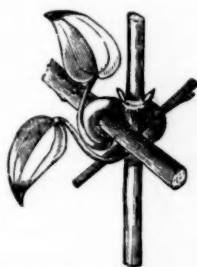


Fig. 1.—*Clematis glandulosa*, with two young leaves clasping two twigs, with the clasping portions thickened.

and then, bending upward, reassume their original upturned position, which is preserved ever afterward.

In the second illustration an example is given of a method by which the petiole acts as a clasp. Here, also, is illustrated one of the most striking peculiarities of these plants—that is, the abnormal growth or strengthening of the petiole after it has grasped the sought-for support. This increase in the thickness of the petiole is immediate and rapid, and, in the case of the *Solanum jasminoides*, it becomes after several weeks so wonderfully hard and rigid that it can hardly be removed.

Passing on from these familiar descriptions, we will briefly allude to the tendrill-bearers, of which the grape is a common example. Here we find the plant supplied with a special appendage, whose function is to act solely as a support; failing in this, it withers and dies. The method by which the tendrils of the Virginian creeper attaches itself to even a smooth wall is familiar to every observer. The following facts regarding the formation of terminal disks or suckers are, however, of special interest. In the course



Fig. 2.—*Solanum jasminoides*, with one of its petioles clasping a stick.

of about two days, after a tendril has arranged its branches so as to press on any surface, the curved tips swell, become bright red, and form on their under sides the well-known

little disks or cushions, with which they adhere firmly. This swelling of the tips is at times accomplished in the brief space of thirty-eight hours. Now, the fact that these disks also adhere to such smooth surfaces as planed or painted wood renders it probable that some cement is secreted by them. When the tendril has become firmly attached, it assumes a spiral form, or, having that already, begins to contract, as shown in the illustration. It is believed that the main



Fig. 3.—A caught tendril of *Bryonia dioica*, spirally contracted in reversed directions.

purpose served by this spiral contraction is to render the tendril elastic, and so prevent its being torn from its place by rude treatment or by the wind. This spiral form is also assumed by unattached tendrils, but with this difference: When an unattached tendril contracts spirally the spire always runs in the same direction from tip to base, but in an attached tendril the direction of the stems alternates, frequently as often as five times, and always once.

The author whose work we have considered states that this curious structure of the reversed spirals has been often observed, but has not yet been sufficiently explained; and the theory he advances, but which we will not here review, is one worthy of attention. The whole subject is certainly one of exceeding interest, not to botanists alone, but to all who would make the secrets of Nature their own. To such we can but commend the work before us as full not only of interesting facts, but suggestive themes for thought, and subjects for study and observation.

In an earlier reference to the subject of the putrefaction of eggs, the causes accomplishing this result were grouped under two heads—those acting from within, and thus beyond the reach of prevention; and those acting from without, and which might therefore be rendered ineffective by means of suitable varnishes or coatings applied to the exterior surface of the shell. Professor Donn   having denied the existence of this first order of causes, and declared that, no matter how rotten an egg may be, no trace of any organism, either animal or vegetable, will be found within it, Dr. U. Gayon joins issue with him as to the fact, and enforces his view by many interesting and suggestive statements regarding the origin of these interior germs. In his opinion, those germs do not enter through the pores of the shell, but exist in the egg when it is laid. To establish this view, he examined the viaduct and cloaca of several hens, and there found the same organisms as may be detected within the egg. The evidence, which seems trustworthy, as obtained from various sources, that portions of insects, small stones, seeds, and other foreign substances, have been found in the egg, also favors the theory that the germs may be inclosed within it during its formation.

It was also proved that in the eggs of hens fed on brewery-refuse there are to be found germs of alcoholic yeast. The evidence in support of these views is sufficiently conclusive to induce greater care in the selection of food for hens, for if such germs can be introduced, it is not improbable that others, whose presence might act disastrously on the human body, may find their way there through the medium of the eggs we eat. The foregoing facts suggest others of a kindred character relating to the value and danger of sewage as a fertilizing agent. Mr.

Smee, to whose researches we are indebted for many new facts and cautions as to the use of sewage-grass as food for dairy-cows, ventures so far as to claim that no vegetables, even when they are to be eaten in a cooked state, should be manured with sewage within ten months of their being eaten. Though this opinion may be an extreme one, yet it cannot now be questioned that germs of disease have been communi-

cated to milk, and thence to the consumer, through the agency of the sewage-grass upon which the cows were fed. Many social economists have been led to deplore the fact that the rich fertilizing material which now flows into the rivers that drain New York and other American cities, could not be secured and utilized upon the neighboring truck farms and gardens. If it be true, however, that this class of fertilizers abound in germs which retain their power for evil even after being digested by the animals fed upon the vegetables so fertilized, we may yet have cause to congratulate ourselves that the location of the American metropolis is such as to favor the loss rather than the utilization of its sewage.

THE safe arrival of Lieutenant Cameron at Loanda, on November 10th, having been announced, the English journals are making preparations to accord him a royal welcome, his return to his native land being now daily expected. Regarding the labors and triumphs of this bold and energetic explorer our readers have been made familiar, and, if we express a regret that he was obliged to abandon his scheme for exploring the Congo, it is with no purpose to belittle his efforts, which are worthy to be ranked with those of Livingstone, but which we hope will be excelled by the labors of Mr. Stanley, who now holds the field alone. In announcing the fact of his safe arrival at Loanda, the *Academy* notices the worker and his work as follows: "Lieutenant Cameron will probably arrive in this country in the middle of January, when we trust his well-earned promotion will be placed in his hands. His splendid exploit places him, without dispute, in the very first rank of African travelers. He left Ujiji almost destitute, suffering from disease, and in utter loneliness. Against him were the stupendous difficulties of the task; on his side were indomitable pluck, devotion to duty, and that gentle courage which had already earned for him the respect and love of the natives. There will, we believe, be no stories of bloodshed in the narrative of the gallant English naval officer. A glance at a map of Africa will at once show the magnitude of Cameron's achievement, and the importance of his discoveries. Excepting Livingstone and Silva Porto, he is the only European who ever crossed the continent of Africa within the tropics. There is a wide space on his route which is absolutely new between the wanderings of Livingstone west of Tanganyika and the farthest points of Graeca and Ladislav

Magyar; while the rest of his route, even to Benguela on the coast, except where he crossed Livingstone's track from Loanda, has never been traversed before by any Englishman." While prompted to indorse with all sincerity the sentiments here expressed, it can but be regretted that the occasion should have been chosen to administer a mild rebuke to Stanley for the use of that force without the exercise of which he might have never reached the Nyanza, or discovered the true source of the Nile. While reprehending the unnecessary exercise of severity in dealing with the African chiefs, the English journal should not fail to remember that the measures adopted by Stanley have received the indorsement and approval of other distinguished explorers.

RECENT news from the Challenger Expedition announces the securing, at the enormous depth of twenty-nine hundred fathoms, of a colossal invertebrate belonging to the *Corymorphoid* group of the *Hydroidea*, a totally different class from the *Cephalopods*. As this discovery, under the conditions indicated, may justly be regarded as one of great interest to science, we are induced to give the following extract from a letter on the subject by Professor Thomson, accompanying which was a sketch of the creature described. After referring to the difficulty in obtaining the body unharmed, since "it had to be drawn up rapidly through the water from a depth of nearly four statute miles, and transported into such totally different conditions of temperature, pressure," etc., the writer proceeds with the description as follows: "The *Hydrocaulus* is enormously extensible. It is of a pale-pink color, and our specimens, when distended in the water, were about four feet or so long: one, as I mentioned before, which Moseley and I measured, was seven feet four inches high, but that one was stretched over the surface of the trawl-net; and, although it must, of course, have been capable in life of extending to that degree, it might not have been a normal attitude. When at what seems to be its normal state of distention, the diameter of the *Hydrocaulus* is about half an inch. The proximal ends of several of them were coated with mud when they came up; the longitudinal stri   were very evident in the soft tissue; fluid gravitated down the centre of the *Hydrocaulus*, and collected in a bladder-like expansion at the base. The base of this stem was of a darker color than the rest—a dull rose—in most of them (not in the one figured by Wild). As I did not mean to describe the creature, I did not look out for processes or fibrill   at the proximal extremity; you may find them in the spirit-specimens. The total length of the hydranth when moderately extended was one and a half inch. The proximal range of tentacles number about a hundred, and these are about four inches long—they are almost transparent in life—of a pale-pink color in most specimens. The sporosacs are in close tufts of a maroon color just at the base of the proximal tentacles. The specimen I looked at was a male, but the tissues were so soft, almost slimy, that I did not like to tease it too much. The walls of the body-cavity were yellowish, and seemed to contain some vertical rolls of glandular matter, and the hypostome terminates in a fringe of about forty-eight or fifty extensive tentacles round the mouth. So much for our gigantic *Corymorphoid*."

THE latest information regarding the proposed Channel Tunnel is to the effect that the sinking of the large shaft is to be commenced in the spring, and that M. de Lesseps is to render his assistance to the scheme.

FROM the fact that if a watch be held at a little distance from the ear the ticking is not

heard uniformly, but that there are a swelling and diminution of the sound, it is argued that that organ is not able to bide weak acoustic stimuli uniformly, but has varying times of fatigue.

THE following is a list, compiled from official sources, of the small planets or asteroids discovered during the year 1875:

No. 141,	discovered by Paul Henry at Paris, Jan. 13th.
142	" Palisa at Pola, Jan. 28th.
143	" Palisa at Pola, Feb. 23d.
144	" Peters at Clinton, June 3d.
145	" Peters at Clinton, June 3d.
146	" Borely at Marseilles, June 8th.
147	" Schulhof at Vienna, July 10th.
148	" Prosper Henry at Paris, Aug. 8th.
149	" Pemotin at Toulouse, Sept. 22st.
150	" Watson at Ann Arbor, Oct. 19th.
151	" Palisa at Pola, Nov. 1st.
152	" Paul Henry at Paris, Nov. 2d.
153	" Palisa at Pola, Nov. 2d.
154	" Prosper Henry at Paris, Nov. 4th.
155	" Palisa at Pola, Nov. 8th.
156	" Palisa at Pola, Nov. 23d.
157	" Borely at Marseilles, Dec. 1st.

## Miscellanea.

IN the JOURNAL of January 8th we quoted from the "Table-Talk" of the *Gentleman's Magazine* a few comments upon Irish pronunciation. The January "Table-Talk," just received, has something further of interest upon this topic:

With respect to the Irish custom of substituting the sound of *a* for that of *e* in such words as *meat, tea, sea*, and the observations thereon of a correspondent printed in these pages last month, Mr. W. Annesley Mayne favors me with the following interesting remarks: "Your Irish correspondent is right in everything except his assertion that the Irish peasant cannot manage the 'ea.' Now, Achille cannot manage 'th,' and Max cannot manage 'p,' but Pat has no difficulty with 'ea.' He simply pronounces it in *all* words, as we still do in *some*—e. g., 'break,' 'great,' or 'steak;' and he does so *because*, during the period when English was introduced into Ireland, such was the ordinary pronunciation of 'ea.' A language imported into a country is not subject to the same changes which it subsequently undergoes in its own, and many words now looked on as purely Irish were excellent English in the reign of James I. This applies equally to pronunciation. Indeed, down to the reign of George II., and later, the general if not universal pronunciation of 'ea' in England was that which has survived in Ireland. Similar survivals are still occasionally met with in this country among old people, who sometimes pronounce words as they were pronounced in the last century. Lord Russell says 'obleege,' just as Pope did. Few persons consider how much the pronunciation of English has altered within the last three hundred years—more so, I imagine, than the language itself. Could we hear 'Hamlet' as when acted in the time of the author we should scarcely be able to understand the actors."

On this same subject a question arose in my own mind which I have asked my Irish correspondent to settle for me. If the Irish peasant can pronounce the "ee" correctly as in "meet," why can he not produce precisely the same sound when it occurs in "meat?" To which my Irish correspondent answers that when he said the Irish peasant "cannot manage" the "ea," he

did not mean that there is any physical difficulty in his way, or that it is as hard for him to produce the sound of the "ea" in our English fashion as it is for Achille to deal with the "th" and Max with the "p." The Irishman's difficulty with the "ea" is just the same in character as the Cockney's with the unfortunate "h." The Cockney can pronounce the "h," for he can say "heggs," but his difficulty is to know when to pronounce it and when to let it alone. But the Irishman's tendency is to make sounds broad and full: that of the Englishman to make them narrow and thin. Where there is any reasonable chance, the Irishman will take to the broader sound. When there is a doubt he will give that sound the benefit of the doubt. But the necessary prolongation of the thinner sound caused by the second "e" or by the "ie," or even by a marked attenuation of a single "e," takes away all excuse for the indulgence of his doubt. No one, for instance, ever heard an Irish peasant pronounce "she" as "shay," although he pronounces "tea" "tay." It is not exactly, as Mr. Annesley Mayne suggests, that Ireland was a little slow in following the changes of English pronunciation, although that may be some part of the explanation. The tendency to the broader sound is an Irish characteristic. When Dr. Johnson was preparing his dictionary he consulted some eminent authorities as to the pronunciation of the word "great." Lord Chesterfield said it should be pronounced so as to rhyme with "state." Sir William Yonge, on the contrary, said it should rhyme with "seat," and that none but an Irishman could wish to pronounce it "grait." "Now," Dr. Johnson observes, "here were two men of the highest rank, one the best speaker in the House of Lords, the other the best speaker in the House of Commons, differing entirely." Mrs. Piozzi was emphatically of opinion that Sir William Yonge was right. We are all of opinion now that his pronunciation was wrong, but he was right enough in his observation as to the tendency of the Irish accent.

This "Table-Talker" has also the following to say in regard to the localities in Boucicault's play of "Rip Van Winkle," now playing in London:

When Salvini's *Othello* was the delight of the town, I noticed the fact that an odd blunder in the English rendering of the stage-directions brought Verona side by side with Venice. It is no technical blunder which transfers Sleepy Hollow to the Catskill Mountains. If Rip Van Winkle wandered from his home under the Catskill Mountains into Sleepy Hollow he must have walked some ninety-odd miles, and crossed the broad Hudson to begin with. The Catskill Mountains lie on the west of the Hudson toward Albany, and Sleepy Hollow is a valley near the village of Tarrytown, on the eastern bank of the river, and nearer to New York by nearly a hundred miles. Of course, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Boucicault must know this very well; but, I presume, the idea was that to throw into one the scenes of two charming and familiar stories would give a double interest to the play. I confess I do not think so. The story of Rip Van Winkle and the legend of Sleepy Hollow deserve alike a little more tenderness and respect. If it were possible to make a play out of something in Wordsworth I do not think it would be a good thing to describe the hero as standing on Westminster Bridge in the morning and seeing the Thames wandering at its own sweet will under Rydal Mount. Or suppose we were making a new dramatic version of "The Lady of the Lake"—how would it meet with general approval if we were to represent the fair Ellen as steering her little skiff across Loch Katrine and mooring it under

the walls of Edinburgh Castle? It is not the geographical inaccuracy, however, I care so much about, although it would be as well, perhaps, that a New York audience should not be told that Mistress Woffington left her theatre in London late in the evening and sauntered leisurely along the Thames for a few moments until she reached Oxford. I rather dislike the hashing-up of the two legends. We might as well have Hawthorne's "Brook Farm" and Bret Harte's "Roaring Camp" stuck in among the Catskill Mountains to make the scene more familiar and attractive.

It does not accord with our recollections that reference to Sleepy Hollow is introduced in the play when acted here; but it may be so. It is worth noting that English writers are not commonly so well informed in regard to our geography as the author of the above paragraph is.

Of the new, or rather revived, *bric-à-brac* mania *Blackwood* discourses as follows:

The curious chaos and confusion into which the age is plunged in respect to all the principles of the arts of ornamentation, and its incapacity either to originate anything, or even to see the necessity of working with its own materials for its own uses, instead of making clumsy adaptations of things out of date, which were made for habits entirely different, is nowhere better exemplified than in those last new modes of furnishing which hurry the ignorant from auction to auction in search of the novelties of the old-fashioned. The amount of absolute falsity involved, the newly-fabricated old china, with all its marks and evidences more convincing than reality, and the newly-made-up old furniture, sticky with glue and varnish, is almost less offensive than the fundamental fictitiousness of the attempt to make a room of Queen Victoria's time look like a room of Queen Anne's, if not—Heaven save the mark!—of Queen Elizabeth's. The ages in which Art has reached highest have always been those in which she has worked with the materials nearest to her hand, and in order to supply the natural requirements of existing life, with nothing more than a just respect for the past, but no servility of deference to its example or over-regard for tradition. But the very idea of anything good or original to be produced among ourselves ceases to be entertained by the superior classes. Our rooms are becoming museums, and Wardour Street is a sort of Mecca to which the devout continually turn their faces. The man who sets forth innocently to pay a round of visits to half a dozen recently-married friends may calculate on a sweeping *giro* across two or three centuries, through mediæval Germany and flowery Renaissance France, with a flight into the East, all in the course of an afternoon. In one house old oak will frown on him from every side; in another delicate marquetry will thrust its curved legs in his way; in another he will have a Chipendale chair to sit down in, and a tiled fireplace to contemplate, and will not be able to move without brushing up against some collection of cracked teapots or array of old plates against the wall; while last of all, perhaps, he will reach a drawing-room decorated like an Eastern tent, with Arab rugs on the floor, and cool matings and sea-green draperies to keep out the light of a November day—each one of them being a sign and token of the absolute uncertainty of the general mind as to what is good or best, and at the same time of its timorous reluctance to leave the safe guidance of one dogmatism or other, and trust its own sense of what itself requires.



ONE who writes in *Temple Bar* on "Breakfast" believes that this morning meal is the test of the felicity of the family:

A home, as I understand it, ladies, is not merely four walls pierced with so many plate-glass windows, and divided into so many rooms, more or less richly furnished, in which you may entertain your friends. It is a place that you can make, if you please, into a haven of peace for the man who provides it, against all the winds that blow, a city of refuge against all the sirens who sing mariners to their destruction, a temple where all that is pure and good in life may be worshipped. And breakfasts. Take care of the breakfasts, and the dinners will take care of themselves, is my paraphrase of a familiar proverb. For myself, I have to state that I have been several times on the very brink of matrimony. A lady in a ball-dress, a lady in a riding-habit, a lady in—well, nothing to speak of, that I escorted to bathe at Trouville—very nearly got the question popped at various stages of my existence. But I paused. "Reflect, my son," said I, "how this particular charmer would look at breakfast." The ball-dress was a triumph of art. It had everything on it, and could not be set down in at any cost. The "Amazon," I believe that is the word, left little that was lovely in the human form divine to guess at; and the bathing costume—nothing. If one could dance and ride and swim through life, how happy could I have been with either! But one has to breakfast. A horrid idea that, when my beauteously attired partner had washed her face and doffed that resplendent robe, I should find some one else awaiting me down-stairs, appalled me. With the others, also, I feared I might commit a sort of moral bigamy—marry one woman and take my morning tea from the hands of another. So I popped not. A fido for your croquet-grounds, your skating-rinks, your ballrooms, your dimly-lighted conservatories, your little back drawing-rooms, and other conventional traps for the sons of men! If, by virtue of any newly-discovered oligo or ism, I become the mother of marriageable daughters, I will invite young Mr. Rightman to breakfast, and my darling Clara shall preside. A soft towel shall be the last thing that has touched her fresh young face. A bright, crisp muslin, or a dark silk, with the most bewildering cuffs and collar (according to season), shall robe her pretty form. Her hair shall be twined in severe simplicity round her shapely head. One little bracelet shall slide up and down her arm, leaving white and pink dimples, as she pours out the tea—*pour* it out; none of your swinging abominations in the disguise of a teapot shall enter my house; and if Mr. Rightman goes away whole-hearted he shall be Mr. Wrongman thenceforward.

MR. HAMERTON, in his recent book upon "Rural Life in France," speaks of the prejudices against the Jew still prevailing in France, especially among the women:

Protestantism is dissent in France—tolerated, but inferior. Legally, there is no State Church in the country, or, at least, the two Protestant Churches, being paid by the state, and the Jewish religion, which is paid also, are as much State Churches as their great sister of Rome; but, socially, the difference is as great as if she alone were recognized by the state. The Romish clergy have had the subtlety and skill to make women believe that there is something impious in other religions. There is a very general impression among them that Protestants are not Christians, and the impression is so far founded on fact that a great number of French Protestants, being really Unitarians, would not have been consid-

ered Christian by Dr. Arnold. As for Jews, the old feeling of horror against them still survives in the mind of good Catholic women. I remember an amusing instance of this. Four young gentlemen from a great school in Paris came to stay a few days with me, and were invited to a nobleman's house in the country, where there was a young lady—a model young lady, according to French ideas—with all the proper ignorances and prejudices. She had a brother who was struck by the idea that one of the young gentlemen had rather a Jewish face, and this suggested to his youthful mind the idea of getting a little fun out of the situation. He put on a very grave face, went to his sister and told her that the unfortunate guest was really a Jew, not only by race but by religion. My young friends were invited for several days, but the "Jew" did not find them very enjoyable. His place was fixed for him next the young lady at dinner, but when he sat down she rose with an offended air and went as far off as possible, asking some one else to take her chair. Whenever he tried to speak to her she turned away from him with a look of horror. There were dances in the evenings; he asked her to dance, she refused point-blank, without even the usual form of politeness. This lasted three days. On the fourth, seeing that she maintained the same attitude of repulsion, he determined to ask for an explanation, and did so in plain terms. "Little explanation is necessary," said the young lady, "how is it possible for me to associate with one who has crucified my Saviour?" "I cannot tell what you mean, I never crucified anybody." "You are a Jew, and it is you Jews who did it!"

FROM "The Lives of the Conjurers," new from the London press, we select the description of a trick practised upon the Arabs by the French conjurer Robert-Houdin:

He performed in the interior (Algeria), before an audience consisting almost entirely of Arabs, when, after he had elicited expressions of won-

der and admiration by performing the gun-trick, an old Arab, who perhaps had some suspicion of the true nature of the trick, said: "The Frank is doubtless a powerful magician; but will he suffer me to fire at him with one of my own pistols?"

"Yes," replied Robert-Houdin, "but I must first invoke the powers that assist me."

He prepared for the test of the following day by fabricating a couple of bullets of wax and lampblack, one of which he punctured as soon as the exterior had become firm, and allowed the still soft and warm composition in the interior to run out through the orifice. He then filled up the void with blood, and closed the opening with a morsel of the composition.

Thus prepared, he, on the following night, offered a saucerful of leaden bullets for the inspection of the skeptical Arab, who, after satisfying himself that they were really made of lead, handed his pistols to the conjurer. The experiment was a new one, and Robert-Houdin confessed afterward that he trembled as he dexterously contrived to slip one of his prepared bullets into the pistol, and, after ramming it down upon the powder with the ramrod, handed it back to the Arab.

"Now fire!" he exclaimed, folding his arms.

The Arab fired, and the conjurer, to the former's amazement, not only remained erect, but took from his mouth a leaden bullet, which the doubter was satisfied was one of those which he had examined.

"Bah!" exclaimed Robert-Houdin, as he loaded the other pistol. "You cannot use your own weapons. See here! You have been unable to draw blood from me; but I will draw blood from yonder wall."

He fired at the wall, upon which a stain of blood was immediately seen. The Arabs crowded to the wall, stared at the blood, and touched it with their fingers. Their amazement deepened into awe, and one and all acknowledged that the Frank was a more powerful magician than any of their own people.

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